

THE
Humours,
AND
CONVERSATIONS
OF THE
TOWN,
Expos'd in Two
DIALOGUES,

The First, of the MEN.

The Second, of the WOMEN.

L O N D O N,

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in *Covent-Garden*, and J. Tonson,
at the *Judge's-Head* in *Chancery-*
Lane. 1693.

Humours

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TO MY
Honour'd Friend,
JOHN JONES,
OF
Dingeston, Esquire

Honoured Sir,

TWas no easie matter
to find a Patron for
so General a Satire as these
two Dialogues Contain;
since the Vices, and Follies
they expose, spread them-
selves so far through Man-
kind, that few, very few are

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free from some Tincture of them. This Consideration, wou'd, I confess, have prevail'd on me to have Publish'd them Naked, and without any Patron, had not my restless desire of giving a Publick Testimony of the value I have for your Merit, Presented You, Sir, as a Man out of the reach of all that I have said in this small Volume, and indeed, of all true Satire.

You have tasted the Pleasures of the Town, but
not

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not fed on em to a Surfeit,
as most that have your
Youth, and your For-
tune, and that at their
own Command, use to do;
Youth cou'd not betray you
to the Follies of the Town,
nor Riches to its Vices:
Your Nice and Solid Judge-
ment, gave you, from the
Observations on the Trans-
gressions of others, an early,
and unrepented Experience,
to preserve you from the
first; and your own innate
Temperance, secur'd you
A 3 from

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from the infection of the latter: Your Moderation in all things cut off all excess, and your Generosity, and Love to such as you Honour'd with the Title of Friend, permitted you not so to over-value the Goods of Fortune, as to prefer them to God-like Compassion, or the Heroick Service of your Friend.

Men generally arrive at Wisdom by such rugged steps of self-experience, that the advantage it brings in
Age,

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Age, seems not to compensate the Price we pay for it in all our Life before, of Health, and Fortune. But with you it has grown acquainted in your Youth, and taught you to retire from the pursuit of Noise, and Nonsense in this Town, to the calm retreat of your Paternal Inheritance, there to Converse with the best part of the best of the Dead; their Wit in their Works; without being Oblig'd to dash that Pleasure with the daily impertinencies.

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of the Living, which Con-
versation in Cities forces
upon us. I must tell you
this, my Friend, That as I
admire your Choice, so I
envy it, yet only as a Friend
may; repining that I can't
have the same happiness,
without any desire of dimi-
nishing yours.

But this Retreat of yours,
ought indeed to have deter'd
me from Dedicating any of
my lighter Performances to
you, since, as you have
Judgment, so you have Lei-
sure

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sure to examine them more severely. But the Charm of a Friend will I hope cast a Vail o'er my Faults, and make You Espouse them with all their Defects. This I can say for these Dialogues, if that be any Excuse, that they are the unpremeditated Products of my Fancy, both as to Thought, and Language, without the Cultivation of my Judgment, which wou'd both have added, and diminish'd, if I had been Master of my own time. The
Satire

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Satire is not meanly directed against any particular Person, aiming only at the Follies and Vices too many are infected with. I could never much value their Performances, nor at all agree with their Notion of Satire, who make no distinction betwixt the Person, and the Folly or Vice: For my Friend might have some of them, which my Love for him would make me desire to Reform, without any Personal Reflection; that being
the

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*the effect of a Private and
Poor Revenge, below the
Generous Indignation that
shou'd inspire true Satire.
If, therefore, any find them-
selves touch'd, they ought to
make a Right Use of it,
and Correct those Failings,
which render them liable
to Ridicule, and Laugh-
ter.*

*But I shall not be very
Sollicitous about the Gene-
ral Reception of this Book;
if it does but Contribute
to your Diversion, at your
more*

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more unbended Hours,
it wou'd be an extream
Satisfaction to him, Sir,
that is Proud of Subscri-
bing himself

Your Friend, and
Humble Servant,

THE
Humours and Constitutions
OF THE
T O W N,
EXPOS'D:
IN A
D I A L O G U E

Betwixt

Mr. Jovial, Mr. Pensive, and Mr. So-
ciable.

SCENE, *the Fields.*

*Enter Mr. Jovial, and Mr. Pensive Boot-
ed and Spurr'd, just ready to take Horse
for the Country.*

Penf.

AS you love me, Cousin
Jovial, let's make haste
out of the scent of this
abominable Town; me-
thinks it smells of Sodom and Gomorrah,
and will, I verily believe, have the
B same

same fate. What a continual hurry and noise is here? the Clamours of a Country-Mob at the choice of a Knight of the Shire, is no more than the beating of a Tabour? One wou'd wonder its Inhabitants cou'd ever sleep, for I protest, I cou'd scarce get one sound nap at this distance, so that I begin to think, the *yelping* of your Hounds the harmony of the Spheres.

Jov. The truth on't is, dear *Pensive*, as *Cowly* said of Eternity, 'tis an *Eternal NOW*; so the uninterrupted hurry of this great *HIVE* is one continual *Buz*, the only possible perpetual Motion. But I am glad it has made a Convert of thee to the noble and manly sport of *Hunting*, and I hope now I shall have thy Company sometimes in that divertisement, for 'tis unreasonable to be coop'd up always, as thou art, like a *Civic*, in thy Tub of a Study, thou shou'dst let thy *Body*, as well as thy *Mind*, sometimes walk at large.

Pensf. I cou'd be a Convert to any thing, on condition to be deliver'd from this damn'd Town.

Jov. Well, dear *Couz*, have but a little patience, and we'll make our Horses fly, like a Stag pursu'd through the

the Forrest. by my *Whirlwind*, *Kill-buck*, and *Make-swift*.

Pens. Let's therefore turn back again to our Inn, for by this time our Horses must be ready, and we lose time till we are on the Spur.

Jov. Agreed. — [They turn toward their Inn.] Hold up thy head, *Pensive*, and take a last farewell-look of this overgrown City, see how it spreads it self every day, like the Follies it contains.

Pens. I had rather look up to see the welcome prospect of your House. The sight of this Town torments me with the memory of the fatigues it has given me; for tho' we took Lodgings here in these Fields, that we might keep our selves alive with a distant view of that bliss which *business* deny'd us, yet I have not had one jot of content, nor shall; till I get forty or fifty mile beyond the smell, hearing, or sight on't.

Jov. Nay, the time has seem'd so tedious to me too, that I can scarce persuade my self, but that, as a Drawer in a Tavern at Midnight, belyes us an hour or two, to engage our longer stay, so the Sun has palm'd upon us at least two days for one.

Penf. And nights too. For I'll be sworn, it has seem'd an Age to me, fill'd with more Impertinences, than a Court Vint, or a Country Sermon.

Enter Mr. SOCIABLE.

Jov. Who's this that comes with such a hasty pace towards us? — I shou'd know him, — Oh, 'tis my *quondam* Brother in iniquity. — Ha! *Mr. Sociable*, your humble Servant, prithee let me embrace thee, for I'm more o're-joy'd to see thee, than to find a Covy of Partridges when I'm setting, or a Leash of Hares in an Evening, when I've rid all day without any Game.

Soc. And I, dear *Jovial*, to see thee, than a half-broken-Gamester to meet a Wealthy Bubble, or an Usurer a Spend-thrift-Heir-Apparent to a good Estate, — but my dear Knight, — where and how hast thou liv'd this many a day? — and how long hast thou been in Town?

Jov. A whole long tedious WEEK, upon my Honour.

Soc. And where hast thou hid thy self from the view of Mortal Eyes, that a Man

Man cou'd never see thee by day, nor by night? What, didst procure an invisible Cloak, like Sir *Aneas* at *Carthage*?

Jov. No, no; a far worse expedient—for all the Morning I have been confin'd to *Westminster*, among the bawling *Black Robes* at the Bar, for oblig'd to attend in the *Hall*, among the buzzing *Attorneys*, *Solicitors*, and *Pettyfoggers*, and their *Meat and Drink*, the *Litigious* of all sorts and sizes, who were preparing *Perjury* and *bad Causes* with *Gold*, to make them go down the more glibly in the Court.

Soc. Well——but if mighty Business took up all your Mornings, cou'd you not find one *Elimosinary* hour in an Afternoon or Evening, to bestow upon an *Old Friend*, over a *Chirping Bottle*?

Penf. By my Faith, Sir, you need not doubt it, my Cousin wou'd not let a day slip without a Bottle or two;—I thank him, he debauch'd me *six times* this week to the Tavern, in the midst of the damn'd Town; whereas, if I must needs have lost my time in guzzling, I had rather 'a been drinking *Oat-Ale* at a *Cake-house* here in the Fields,

where I might, betwixt ev'ry Glass, have had a refreshing look at the Country.

Jov. To tell thee the truth, dear *Sociable*, my Cousin, here, and I, being subpoena'd up for Witnesses, were ev'ry day oblig'd, from *Westminster-Hall* to go to the Tavern to Dinner with the Plaintiff, whose Cause we appear'd in; and by that time we had ended, and taken one digestive Bottle, my Cousin, impatient of the noise of the Streets, hurried me away to my Lodgings, so that I cou'd never find an opportunity to wait upon you.

Pen. I cou'd almost wish, I had ne'er known how to've writ my Name, for then I might have scap'd being a *Witness*, nor had been subpoena'd up now, to attend the Term: but I am resolv'd never to *testifie* again, and rather lose half my Estate, than be forc'd to endure another Week in this place.

Soc. I'm sorry to hear that, Sir, for I was in hopes, now the term is ended, that Mr. *Jovial* would give me one week's enjoyment of his company, after so many years of absence; in which time, Sir, you might take a survey of the Rarities of this City.

Penf.

Pens. I have seen more of it already, than I desire; and if Mr. *Jovial* be so mad, to fling away precious time on such Trifles as this Town affords, I'm resolv'd to leave him, and take Horse immediately.

Soc. Why, Sir? You make more haste into the Country, than an Attorney, who has not litigious Suits enough of his own creating, to defray the charges of one odd night's Lodging beyond his usual stint. But, I hope, my dear *Jovial* you are not for so quick a dispatch?

Jov. Even so, dear *Sociable*; for had we not met you, we had both been mounted by this time, and on the Road.

Soc. What, without seeing me?—without so much as enquiring after me?—Has *Wedlock* and *Husbandry* made you forget all the ties of friendship so far?

Jov. Wrong me not, Friend, for I sent my Man to all the Taverns, and Coffee-Houses (to omit other Houses) betwixt *Westminster-Hall*, and *Aldgate*, I think, but no news to be heard of you.——So that I concluded you *div'd* after some *Intrigue*, and then I

thought it would be to as little purpose to seek you, as to follow the Chace upon a wrong scent.

Sec. Right, *Fovial*, or to look for Sence in a Modern System of *Divinity*, or Generosity in *Lombard-street* : For to tell thee the truth, I have within these few days taken a Lodging in that Street there, in pursuit of one of the Prettiest, Balmy, Innocent Creatures you ever beheld with your eyes——She lives in *that same* House, dear Rogue, has no Mother, or Father, and only an Old Doating Aunt for her Guardian; a tractable Girl for her Servant, whom I have several ways oblig'd, and about some thirty thousand pound for her Fortune; and I am resolv'd, that I may gain the good graces of the Aunt, to put on the useful Vizour of Sobriety, for a while, and look as demurely as a Country Girl just come to Town, before she has lost her Maiden-head.

Fov. This is the best Design I ever knew thee engag'd in, and therefore I wish thee Success; for I hope 'twill make thee quit this lewd Town-Life, and give me the happiness of having thee for my Neighbour in the Country, where

where we'll renew our old Union, while I discover such a Train of manly Pleasures to thee, that thou wilt be asham'd of having lost so much of thy Youth in the pursuit of *Noise*, and *Nonsense*, and I'm confident thou'lt give thy self over entirely to a Country Life.

Soc. What, wholly forsake delicious *London*? For ever make the disadvantageous change of the brisk Juice of the Grape, for the heavy Product of *Malt* and *Water*? The lively Conversation of the Town, for the thoughtless Gravity of a Country Justice? No, no, Knight, I have a nicer Relish of Pleasure than that comes to; nay, I wou'd almost forswear my dear *Silvia*, I tell you of, if I thought that wou'd be the Consequence of my loving her.

Jov. Ha! ha! ha! I find you continue your old humour of preferring the nauseous Fatigues of a City Life, to the calm Retreat, and healthy Divertisements of the Country.

Soc. Why——what shou'd alter me? Have you more *pleasure*? More *sense*, or more *honesty* in the Country, than we have here? I never cou'd find but that a Peasant had as much Knavery in

his Dealings, in proportion to his Capacity, as a City Shop-keeper; or that my young Master, of Eighteen, was less lewd than a Town Rake, tho' in a more Clownish and awker'd manner: *Vice* and *Folly* are Universal, and the same in the Country as in the Town, only we have 'em dress'd at *Pontack's*, and you at a *Three-penny-Ordinary*: You eat that crude and raw, which we have the advantage to have serv'd up with good Sauce, and variety of Dishes, to give it the better relish.

Pen. Much good may't do you, Sir, with your relish. I am sure I had rather be oblig'd to pore upon the puzzling point of a *Perpetual Motion*, or fixing the Longitude, than come within forty miles of the smell of the *Hought-goust*, if I were once well got out on't.

Jov. Right, dear *Pensive*; and I wou'd rather be Condemn'd to eternal Preaching, the lazy Coach, and the Parson's Company, than wear out half as much time again, as I have been kept here this bout.

Soc. You were of another mind when you and I came from the University together, then none more blith and gay than *Jovial*, nor any a greater Admirer

Admirer of *London* ; there was not a Ball, a Masque, Serenade, or any public Meeting, but Mr. *Jovial* was the leading Man in't, 'till a damn'd Visit to thy Uncle in the Country got thee into the fatal Noose, and so debauch'd thy Nobler Principles into an antipathy to what you once admir'd. The very thought on't has almost set my stomach against Wedlock ; but that I think I shall make a choice more agreeable to my humour ; for my little Tit, if I mistake not, loves the Town, as well as my self.

Jov. Which, by the by, is none of the most commendable Qualities, I think, *Sociable*, in a fair Lady, whatever it may be in a Man.

Pen. If you have been bred at the University, Sir, methinks the Charms of *Philosophy*, or some other Learning, shou'd engage you beyond the thoughtless hurry of the Town.

Soc. Why, faith, Sir, the greatest Fruit I reap'd at the University was, that Reason ought to be the chief Directrix of my Life ; and I think I have follow'd her Ladyship hitherto pretty close in my way of living.

Pen.

Pen. You speak a Paradox, Sir, and will need the subtilty of a Sophister to maintain it.

Pen. I apprehend no such difficulty in the matter : For *Reason* tells us, that 'tis a Folly to spend ones Time on *Uncertainties*, when one may Improve it better ; now all your Speculative Knowledge is built upon so weak a Foundation, that it's tost to and fro continually, with different, nay opposite gusts of Argument, which has left every thing that is advanc'd in Books in doubt, and only clear'd this Point, That none of you know what the Truth is, any further than a Probable Conjecture will reach, which is far enough from Certainty ; all your Studies ending in a bare Amusement, whereas we daily experience the Grateful Effects of our Search in substantial pleasure. If therefore you grant (what I think is self-evident) that *Knowledge* to be the best, which brings the greatest Satisfaction to the Mind, by experimental demonstration, you must confess the Town ought to be preferr'd to the Country ; since you can't deny, but that Conversation will sooner bring one to the knowledge of Mankind (the Noblest

blest part of the Creation, and the most worthy of our Study) than Books, and consequently to the knowing of ones self. Thus far I my self have proceeded (that am yet an Under-graduate) in this admirable *Science*, which the *Grecian* Priggs attributed to the Command of their God *Apollo*, that I find our *Life* is but short, and balderdash'd enough with the plaguy Mixtures of Crosses and Fatigues to our hands, without our contributing to the Abuse by increasing them: And from this I conclude, That since we have but a little time to live, and since even That is none of the most pleasant, we ought not to antidate our death, and turn our Chambers into Church-yards, and Charnel-Houses, but improve the fleeting Minutes with Delight and Pleasure, and shut those intruding Solitudes out of door, whilst *Health* and *Youth* permit.

Jov. You mistake your Point, Sir; We deny you not Pleasure, nor wou'd confine you to the woful Ditty of a perpetual *Requiem* for your Soul before its Passage; nor would we have you, like *Heracitus*, weeping to no purpose, for those Ills Fate has allotted to
 Humane

Humane Life, and which all our Soli-
citudes will never avert. But we con-
tend you aim at Pleasure where 'tis
not to be found, as is incomparably
described by a great Poet.

*Excess of Luxury they think can
please,*

*And Laziness call Loving of their
Ease;*

*To be dissolv'd in Pleasures still they
feign,*

*Tho' their whole Life's but Intermitting
Pain:*

*So much of Surfeits, Head-Ach, Claps
are seen;*

*We scarce perceive the little time
between.*

*Well-meaning-Men, who make this
gross mistake,*

*And Pleasure lose, only for Pleasure's
sake;*

*Each Pleasure has its price, and when
we pay*

*Too much of Pain, we squander Life
away.*

You destroy that Health which you
seem to value, in the chase of that
Quarry which will never be gain'd, but

to the ruine of your satisfaction, and destruction of that Happiness you aim at; bringing Old Age and Weather-marks on you before you have run half your Course. If you will have Pleasure, seek it where Nature first design'd it, in the Country, where the wholesome Air, the green Fields, the Flowry Meads, Purling Brooks, and the melodious Birds, the true Harmony of the Spheres, give new life every time you stir abroad, where the Diversifements attribute to Health as well as Pleasure.

Soc. Methinks you have given but a poor Idea of your happiness as yet, when you place it in the Conversation of Brutes, and the Prospect of insensible Animals. Nor can I imagine, how you can expect to perswade me from the love of the Town, when you pretend to no Advantage above me; nor come up to the Excellence I enjoy. If you converse with Beasts, as your Dogs and Horses, &c. Is that comparable to the Conversation of Men of sense? and Fine Charming Ladies, bright as that Heaven whose Image they discover? If you have the irregular and rude Notes of Birds for Musick, we have them better

better taught in Cages here, which if we wanted, we have all the Noble Embellishments of Art, with the variety of Instruments, as well as Sounds, which is the Harmony above the Spheres. If you Converse with the Dead, we enjoy the Living, nor are we without the Pleasure of Books, and Retirement when we please.

Pen. But Noise, and Hurry, the disorders of Drinking and Whoring, those wretched Compounds which make up all your Lives, render you incapable of Thinking well.

Jov. Or of relishing of the other Pleasures he mention'd; a continual use of some of them especially clogging the Appetite, and creating an indifference in the most delightful things; so that you Whore, you Drink, you go to the Play, the Musick-Meetings, &c. out of meer Custom, not Desire. Then for Books, 'tis only to sport an Author in a Bookseller's Shop, and that commonly some scurrilous Pamphlet, or a Novel at *Bentley's*, or *Briscoe's*, or some new Miscellany of Trifles, forgot as fast as read, and not worth the remembering.

Pen. And then his Retirement is no farther than his Chamber, or Closet,

perhaps

perhaps where he has all the Noise of the Town to divert him from sedate thinking: There is nothing a greater injury to the Life of a Philosopher, than the Hurry of the City.

Soc. Pardon me, Sir, I find all the Philosophers of Old Assembled themselves into Societies; and *Athens*, the busiest City of *Greece*, was the place of their usual Abode; not the Tub of *Diogenes*, of whose Wisdom I cou'd never yet hear much proof; all that he cou'd pretend to, was, That he car'd for no body but himself. *Socrates*, *Plato*, and *Aristotle*, were Men that Convers'd with Mankind, as well as Books, they never else had made so great a noise in the World; and if we may be at liberty to take the obvious sense of some of *Plato's* Verses, we shall find he knew how to relish a Kiss as well as *Alcibiades*.

Pen. Ah, Sir, the Examples you produce of the Philosophers, will make very little for your Cause: For they were remov'd from Hurry when they Study'd, and when they Taught: their Gardens, their *Gymnasia*, &c. were proper Retirements for them. Besides that which oblig'd them to live in *A-*
thens,

thens, will scarce serve you for living in *London*. They were Profess'd Masters in Philosophy, each the Head of a Particular Sect, which they desired to impart to Followers of their own, by that to propagate what they thought a Truth, or to build up a Name with Posterity, which could not be effected but in a City. But I hope you design for no *New Sect*, nor to set up a School of *Philosophy*, which has no other end now, than the establishing a particular Happiness, leaving the diffusing the knowledge of it to the Universities.

Jon. This is but rambling Discourse, let us go in here to our Quarters, and there discuss the Point more to the purpose; for I must confess, dear *Sociable*, I love thee so well, that I wou'd spend one day more in Town to make a Convert of thee to *Right Reason*; and I question not, but when we have dissected your *City Life*, and come to a particular account of it in all its parts, you will be convinc'd of your Error. I believe I may for so good a work trespass on my Cousin's patience.

Pen. Such a work, I must confess, wou'd recompence the delay of our Journey; but let us get into the most airy Room of the House.

Soc.

Soc. Agreed—— Well, this is a good pleasurable Room, but let us have a Bottle or two of the best Wine the house affords, to give us a whet or two between whiles; 'tis as necessary, as Notes to the Parson in the Pulpit.

Jov. Gad the motion is but reasonable—— but 'tis a hard matter to get good Wine, between this and *Charing-Cross*, I'll therefore dispatch my Man to the *Blew Posts* for a Flask of the best they have, and in the mean time we'll content our selves with what our Host can furnish us with, the best in its kind—— Well, now we are seated, and all our Auxiliaries about us, let us to the Point, Cousin, of making a Profelyte of this *Soriable*.

Soc. If you have but as much to say against the Town, as I have against the Country, I fancy 'twill happen with us, as it did with two Brothers in a Dispute of Religion, one was a *Papist*, the other a *Protestant*, and each made the other a Convert to the Opinion he forsook himself : If so, *Jovial*, I'll mount your Horse, and ride down, and take possession of your Lady Wife, as lawful Prize, and you shall supply my place to mine that must be; but what
your

your Cousin you'd do for a piece of Consolation, I know not.

Jov. Ha! ha! ha! ha! never be solicitous about that; for if such a Miracle shou'd happen, Heav'n be prais'd, the Town affords enough of compassionate Females, who will soon solace his Sorrows, and supply his Wants that way.

Penf. *Sed tamen amoto quaramus seria ludo.*

Sec. Nay, I bar Latin and Greek, as of Pagan Extraction, and if I must be worsted, it shall be in good Christian English: Nor will I be confin'd to the grave starch'd seriosity of a Sylogistical Argumentation, that must be no more laid aside than a Covenant Beard, or a Canonical Gown.

Jov. Nay, to speak the truth, 'twere unreasonable to deny you any advantage you can desire, since you engage with two Enemies in so bad a Cause.

Penf. To begin therefore with Childhood, when Virtue or Vice makes the first and easiest impressions. The Children in the City are taught to forget all that is decent in a Child, the Parents care being to bring them to a bold Confidence, which ends in the Contempt
of

of those that begot them; and this they miscall *Wis*, and *hopeful forwardness*; they allow them to encrease in these Follies, all the criminal Liberty their Age is capable of making use of.

Jov. And, as if they were afraid their Children shou'd not be wicked soon enough, they instruct them in the terms of *Vice*, before they are capable of understanding the meaning of them, against their early Experience inform them better. They teach them to Swear before they can Pray, and to talk bawdy before they can read.

Penf. On the contrary, that Bashfulness which Nature imparts to that Innocent Age, is cherished in the Country, as the Friend to those Virtues which shou'd be instill'd, or confirm'd in them: 'Tis more reasonable to preserve their Native Innocence, than to expect they shou'd meet with a later Repentance; and that must be gain'd by laying a good foundation of Virtue in the very first approaches of Reason.

Soc. Ah, Gentlemen, you are as far out of your way, as a Traveller in a dark night, that has follow'd a *Will in the Wisp* for the most part on't; or a Lawyer that's pleading on a false Bre-
viate:

viate: That generous Assurance which we use Children to in the City, inspires Noble Thoughts, and lays the foundation of Wit and Courage, which will sprout out where it has liberty, but is stifled where Nature is curb'd and kept in awe: You in the Country lay the foundation of Dullness in Childhood, by confining a Boy of five years old to as much Gravity before his Lady Mother, nay, and before the Servants too, as if he bent under the weight of fifty years. You smother that animating vigour in its birth, which shou'd bear them through the World when grown up. Modesty is a starving Quality, and only another Name for Folly, it ought to be rooted out of Children, if you wou'd have them thrive, and not be the ridicule of the World, and the property of ev'ry imposing Coxcomb.

Pens. That Virtue, I confess, is not of much use in the Town, but in the Country 'tis not at all obnoxious to those inconveniencies you urge, but on the contrary gains Honour from their Inferiors, and Respect from all.

Jov. But then for the youth of the Town, Cousin, what a prospect is there of endless Follies? What a wild
medly

medly of Nonsense, Noise, Intrigue, Quarrels, Drunkenness? &c. What a mad thoughtless interval of Life; *Billet-doux* and Challenges, Dressing, Visits; the Coffee-house, and Play-house; the Tavern and Sleep is the whole business of night and day; the Order of Nature is inverted, Night and Day changing places.

Penf. Here 'tis they lay up stores of Poxes, Claps, and Scars, whilst they lavish their other Stores of Wealth, Youth, and Health, without one sober reflection. Here they make their pleasant Seats in the Country fly, for the purchase of the Embraces of some practis'd Harlot instead of a Maid, and whose Maiden-head had been sold to half a hundred before him.

Jov. And perhaps, upon a point of Honour, the young Cully shall keep her till she has drain'd him of all his Estate, and then sends him out a grazing like *Nebucadnezzar*, with scarce a Shirt to his back, a scandal ev'n to the Bullies of *Alsatia*. But if he has a better Fate attends him than he deserves, and so much Cunning, as not to ruin himself to gratifie her Pride and Luxury, he must expect to be, at best, but her Property,

Property, whom she will jilt as often as any opportunity offers it self ; for no man ever yet kept a Woman, but she wou'd grant her Favours to any man else that wou'd address to her. As soon as the Kind-Keeper is withdrawn, the Hack is in readiness, away speeds the Whore to her retreat of Fornication ; this day to one, to morrow to to another : When her Appetite is satisfy'd, or her time requires it, she hastens home, washes, new riggs, and seats her self, with some Novel or Play, in a very solitary posture, till her Spark returns (whose motions she has always as certain advice of, as a Commander has of those of an Enemy) she meets him with a thousand forc'd Caresles, the Fool melts away with her Kisses, and concludes her the most constant pretty cooing Turtle in the Nation, defies the World to Rival him, and hugs himself in the extravagance of his fancy'd Happiness ; the Jilt perceives it, and then either squeezes out of him a new Petticoat, or Manto ; or perhaps closes in with his fondness, and betrays him to Matrimony, and then she makes him a Cuckold according to Law.

Penf. There is another sort of Youths, that spend their Time and their Money even less agreeable to Nature than these; I mean, in Gameing.

Jov. Right, Cousin; for sure, if in any thing that of *Hudibras* be true,

*The pleasure sure's as great
In being cheated, as to cheat;*

'Tis in the Intrigues and Amours with the Fair: But, at Seven and Eleven to shake away an Estate to known Rooks that live by the Dice, is an unaccountable piece of folly; nay, and to take such wondrous pains to be cheated, as to break ones whole nights rest at the Groom-Porters, to lose Eight Hundred, or a Thousand pound in the midst of a thousand Curses, Vexations, and baulk'd wishes, is such an odd Recreation, that I profess I am as far to seek in the Cause of it, as I am why the State permits such Extravagancies.

Penf. And so am I, as far as I am to seek in the Cause of the ebbing and flowing of the Sea, or of the Productions of several Creatures, yea, of any other Secret in Nature, which Philosophy, as yet, gives but blind guesses at.

C

Jov,

Jov. All they shall gain from their dear Experience, is but Want and Contempt, unless some compassionate Knight of the *Elbow* qualifie them to turn Sharpers, and instruct them to pick up an ungenerous Living by the same means that they lost their Estates: But this is the highest pitch of happiness they can hope; and as they have spent the beginning of their Age in being cheated, so they must spend the remainder in cheating others; till for want of Practice, perhaps, or Overconfidence in their Skill, they are discovered, and receive the gentle bastinado, or the severer stab, and so put a wretched Conclusion to their foolish Lives.

Pensf. How differently do our Youth in the Country spend their time? —

Soc. True, Sir, very differently, I confess, but the advantage I think lies much on the Town side; for Childhood and Youth are so very much alike in the Country, that 'twou'd puzzle a good Logician to find a tolerable distinction for 'em; for 'tis all compos'd of everlasting Satchel, School, Play-days, Truants, Birds-nests, Swimming, robbing of Orchards, and the like; unless

One,

One, perhaps, extraordinary in his Generation, chance to be so very forward, as to get into the Chamber-maids quarters, and make terrible havock of Maiden-heads among his Father's Tenants Daughters: But that is the height of his Manhood. For the generality, they are but petty Striplings, scarce out of their Slabbering-bibs, when our Youth in Town have serv'd a Campaign, with Cap and Feather, and Embroidered Coat, among the roaring Guns and groans of dying Men.——

For. Or rather among the roaring Mouth-Granado's of Oaths, and the Shrieks of Ravish'd-Maids, or those that wou'd be thought to be so, the Lamentations of cheated Bauds, the Scuffles of bilk'd Coachmen, and Vol-lies of Duns of believing Vintners, Tailors, Sempstresses, and the rest of the trusting Shop-keepers. The height of their Manhood is a modish Tilt upon a foolish hot-headed punctilio, when Wine or Passion, not Courage, prompts them to't; or an Engagement with a Detachment of Bayliffs after their Credit fails 'em, and ev'n the Fraternity of *Stifted* refuse all their Obligations, to supply

their present wants; but for Campaigns and Guns, I believe few of 'em e're came near any, unless the *quondam* peaceable one of *Hownslow-beath*, or the Noble Mustre of your City Mermydons in *High park*, in their formidable Buff-Coats-of-Mail, and Tin and Silver Head-pieces.

Pensf. But whilst the Youth of the Town are in chase of Ruin and Rottenness, ours in the Country are improving in the knowledge of their own Affairs, and thinking of an honest and wholsom propagation of their Families, by marrying with some Innocent and Virtuous Lady of equal Quality, who brings not only unsophisticated Beauty, but a good Fortune too; whilst the man of Mode here in Town, after he has spent, or at best, weaken'd his Estate with Drinking, Gaming, and Whoring, takes up with a damn'd Jilt at last for a Wife, who instead of repairing the Breaches of his Fortune, makes 'em wider, till he's quite ruin'd in his Purse as well as Reputation and Happiness.

Jov. And then he must wander up and down the *Temple Walks*, or those of *Grays Inn*, picking his Teeth, to make the

the World think he has been at a good Meal, when Duke *Humphrey* was his Host; then if he meet a Friend in the Street that presses to drink a Bottle, his Pockets are so empty, that they will not reach a penny Club for an honest pot of English Ale and Beer; therefore he pretends wondrous hasty business to avoid the scandal of having no Money, tho' he has no more to do than a Souldier in time of Peace, or a Lawyer in the long Vacation: Whilst, in the mean while, his Lady Wife, if she be a Whore of that Conscience to stick to him in his Adversity, is fain ev'ry night to make the Voyage of the *Strand, Fleetstreet, Old-Baily, &c.* in search of some Six-penny Adventure, but if Fate and good Fortune afford her a free Cully of half a Crown, and a pint of Wine, she sails home loaded with a richer Cargo than a Ship from the *East-Indies*, and her loving Spouse receives her with open Arms, regales it with a Tost and Ale, or, perhaps, a Cup of cool Nants, to drive away the raging Wind from his empty Stomach.

Penf. This is following the Dictates of Reason with the vengeance,

Jov. Nay, the truth on't is, they have nick'd Reason, as sure as a *Buckaneer* his mark, or a Clyent in giving his Lawyer double Fees, that his Cause may be well followed.

Pens. But if he shou'd have the luck to continue single so long, as to have a little consideration of his condition, the small remainder of his Stock is laid out in rich Equipage, to win the Heart of some suppos'd Fortune; and there he's generally as much mistaken, as a zealous Philosopher, that stands to his foolish Opinion at the loss of his dear life.

Jov. Or a Country Justice, that has mistaken his Statute, and inflicted a greater punishment than he can justify, or a Spark that mistakes the Chambermaid for the Mistress.

Soc. Hold, hold, Gentlemen——gad a Man can no more put in a word with you, than with *Jo. Hains*, or some of our Coffee-house Holders-forth. I find two to one is too great odds.

Jov. What do you begin to despair of your Cause? Gad, Mr. *Sociable*, 'tis as bad an Omen as a Visit from the Parson, when the Physicians have given
one

one over : You seem'd to have a great deal more Confidence in your Cause but now, when you took such compassionate care for my Cousin here.

Soc. Ah sweet Mr. *Jovial*, you mistake me quite, I only desire I may put in a word, in answer, as often as I have a mind; else I might as well have been confin'd to Syllogising, that damn'd starch'd method of the Schools.

Penf. Oh, by all means, Sir, *Object* and *Return*, as often as you please. I desire you to parallel the Follies and Vices of the Town with the shadows of such in the Country.

Jov. No, you may search a whole County for two or three, unless in a populous Town, for there they make what advances they can towards your Vices and Follies ; but here in *London* they are so numerous, that no place but presents you with hundreds, they are as obvious as a Whore in *Moor-fields*, a Beggar in *Lincolns-Inn-fields*, a Beaux at *Tom. Wains*, a Parson at *Sams* ; but to proceed to them in their order.

Penf. Then being come to Man's estate and middle-age, when in the Country we are in our prime, they are overtaken with all the decrepidness and

defects of Old-age, trembling Limbs, a debilitated Body, and unsound Mind.

Jov. Well may they be said to have liv'd apace, for they reach the Goal of Life, before we get half way; but much good may it do them with their haste; if they make not more haste than good speed, I am much mistaken, *Pensive.*

Soc. Gad, in the Conuntry, you can call 'em at best but overgrown boys, having not yet arriv'd to the Understanding, and Conversation of a City Prentice, being better acquainted with the Names of their Dogs, the Forms where to find a Hare; or at most, the squeezing and harassing their Tenants, than with the noble Science of Conversation, for which man was first design'd. But if he has the uncommon fate to be given to Books, one had better engage with a Quack on his Stage, or a Simpling Apothecary with all his train of Botanic's; for he shan't speak six words without a phrase of Latin or Greek at the end of 'em; and a conceited School-master is but a stripling in Pedantry to him.

Pensf. That Pedantry which you condemn, and of which very few are
guilty

guilty, is much more rational, than the larding your Discourse with needless Oaths and Imprecations, at every other word, or perpetual Obscenity; as if Man were made, and Conversation design'd for nothing else but to talk of the most beastly Parts and Acts that belong to Humane Race, which carry that shame in all Countreys, that the Parts as well as Offices of them are hid from publick view, such a brand of Infamy has Nature her self imprinted on them: And I dare be so bold to say, That Heav'n ordain'd not that way of propagating Mankind as the most excellent, but only to put us in mind of the Frailty and Contemptibleness of our *Being*, which ow'd its rise to the same sordid cause as the *Bruits* do theirs; that so from our beginning to our end we might have continual motives to lessen our aspiring Pride.

Jov. But admit the Men in the Country such raw unpolish'd Boys, such Pedants as Mr. *Sociable* wou'd make them, they have still the advantage of having kept their Innocence as well as Estate, when those in Town have not only lost both, but ev'n the Memory of them. 'Tis a sign we busie our Minds with Affairs

less Criminal, as the improving our Paternal Inheritances, and endeavouring to convey that better to our Posterity, which we have receiv'd from our Ancestors; the Publick receives advantage from our Employments, our planting of Timber furnishes Materials for the future Safety and Glory of our Nation, in the Shipping; our improving our Lands encreases the Provisions of the Kingdom, and make plenty flow more largely; nay, there is scarce a guilty Action of our lives. If we retire to our Study, the Speculations of Philosophy, the Transactions of History, or the Constitutions of our Government afford us a pleasant as well as profitable Entertainment: If we are curious in Enquiries into Nature, the Fields, Hills, and our Gardens, the Mineral, Vegitable, and Animal Kingdoms afford us variety enough for our search. Such as these are the things that employ our Minds, and keep them from that idleness which breeds those wanton desires, of which your City Life is compos'd.

Penf. At this Age we are established in the Principles and Practice of Reason; when some of you, City Sparks, being

being taught by the sensible Penalties they feel, of loss of Health and Estate, begin to consider, and then retire into the Country, to the tenth part of that Estate they were born to; and then to heal that shame of living less than their Birth and Education require, they betake themselves to the study of *Philosophy*, that they may learn how little Nature is content with.

Jov. Others of your Town *Beaux* and *Rakes*, continue the follies of their Youth, but have the advantage of being receiv'd by the younger fry, as Masters in their Profession, and their Judgments are appeal'd to by them in all nice points of *Dress*, *Amour* and *Exploit*. Some whose Purse won't hold out to persevere to the end, if they are stock'd with a little superficial Learning, a small stock of Wit, and have been well practis'd in writing *Billet doux*, set up for Authors, and so for the continuation of one Captivity add another Slavery to't; that is, that they may be still Cullies and Vassals to Whores and Bauds, to the Bottle or the Dye, they add the worst of all the imposing Service of the Booksellers: Some aspire higher, and by large Quotations

tations to a little Book, borrowed from *Burton's Melancholy*, or some Common-Law-Book, get the Reputation of profound Scholars; and so cheating the ignorant Women, and more ignorant Beaux and Wits, who admire any thing they understand not, of a Reputation, draw the Booksellers to make their Court to them. Another way they have to obtain this End, is, to advance some new Opinion of Wit, Poetry, &c. set off with a Prefatory Essay in defence of their Opinion; and this certainly takes with all, gaining the Author not only Reputation with the Dealers in Wit, but also with the minor Criticks (that is, ev'ry ignorant Reader) and wondrous esteem with the fair Ladies, so that he may save the expence of a Baw'd, and Whore upon more reasonable terms, his *Works* having pimp'd more effectually for him.

Pensf. Another, who by all his Conversation or Expence of Time and Money, cou'd gain no other Excellence, but the enriching of his Face, or furnishing himself with the names and places of abode of all the Whores of City and Suburbs, is fain to live upon the
 Sponge

Spunge the rest of his days, and prefer that wretched precarious Subsistence to Death, the end of his Ignominy.

Jov. Nay, and if he have a pretty Wife himself, he spares her not, but pimps for his Friend even at home, and holds the Door, whilst his Spouse is adorning his Forehead : For this he gains the honourable Appellation of Sir *Folly*, or some very good natur'd Title, and the Table and Conversation of the best Quality of either Sex that have any occasion to make use of him.

Penf. There are others whose youthful Extravagancies have driven 'em to the wretched fate of Spunging, that their Stock is a pleasant sort of unintelligible Banter, compos'd of ridiculous Stories, Relations of his past Intrigues or Adventures, most of which are the effect of his morning Study. These are the civilest Sparks in Company, in the World, and will be sure to praise ev'ry thing you say, tho' they laugh at you as much in the next Company they come in ; and these are called *Honest Fellows*.

Jov. And I never knew one of those that were called so, but were the greatest

est Rascals in the World. There are another sort of Gentlemen of the Town, tho' not so numerous as pretended, that live upon the looser Affections of the *Fair Sex*, or rather, the uglier part of it; those whose Purse are forc'd to supply the defect of their Faces, and draw able Gallants to gratifie their Lust, whose Deformity else would starve their insatiate desire.

Pens. There is a monstrous Disease, they say, in Nature, which they, the vulgar, call the *Wolf*, which makes the distemper'd eat beyond Reason, and on defect of Victuals is devour'd himself by it; so the Lust of these sort of Women is something beyond the ordinary growth of Nature, not to be satisfy'd ev'n when the person is tir'd, as the *Messalina* of old; but these are so rare, that certainly there is scarce one in a thousand years.

Soc. Gad, Gentlemen, I find you are both a little in the dark as to this point, and therefore I will only unfold it to you as the nature of the thing is; for take my word for't, there is no more of *Monstrous* and *Uncommon* in it, than there is of *Wit* in a *Dutchman*, *Courage* in an *Irishman*, in a *Spanish Don* *Humility* or *Money*,

Money, in a Frenchman *Modesty*; or, in short, in an *Usurer* or *Bookseller* Generosity: For ev'ry Woman that will make a Man Master of her Person, at the same time makes him Master of her Purse; I mean not *Common Women*, that live by Fornication; but such as Love has betray'd to the Embraces of another, whether they be single or marry'd Women, who are far more numerous than the publick *Traders*: And this benefit is not made only by the Ugly; but the most Beautiful, if her Gallant be so ungenerous to desire it, or so unhappy to want it, will contribute to her power to his Satisfaction: And this is the wondrous *Mystery*, which makes so many admire, that this Brawny *Irishman* is kept, and that Smirkin *Monsieur* wears so many badges of the Ladies Favours; tho' but the other day, the first came from his Boggs all covered with Itch and Raggs, without any Portion but Impudence; the other a Pious Refugee, loaden with *Vermin* and *Presumption*. 'Tis these *Knight-Errants* business to raise their Fortunes by the ruine of half a hundred poor Sempstresses and *City-Perruque-making-Damsels*, till they arrive to be equipp'd like Gentle-
men,

men, and then they set up for an Amour of Quality ; some Distress'd Countess or other, neglected by her Lord, is taken with his strong Parts, and t'others Eternal chatting and frisking, and then they live like the Hero's of their Countries : For if once a Lady be so unhappy as to trust her Reputation into such *Villains* hands, she must resolve to buy their silence at the daily Expence of her own, or (if she be marry'd) her Husband's Purse. But what's this to the Gentlemen of the Town, Men of Quality and Estate, the *Beaux Esprits*? Their Experience grows with their Years, and at middle age are more knowing than an old man in the Country ; and so far only 'tis true, they have liv'd faster than you. They are serving their Country abroad on Embassies and other Negotiations, or conveying the most secret Transactions of State to Posterity, which those that liv'd remoter from the Springs, and first Causes of Motion of ev'ry publick transaction, know nothing of, tho necessary for them that wou'd give a valuable History of their times ; all the other can transmit to Posterity, is, but a bare Narration of what happen'd ; but we let you understand

derstand the true Reason and Cause of that Accident or Council.

Pens. What think you, Sir, of *Thucydides*, who retir'd to his Country *Villa* when he writ his History of the *Peloponnesian War*?

Soc. Think of him, Sir! why I think that if he writ his History in the Country, a much better Historian, *Cornelius Tacitus*, writ his in the City, nay, in the Court; and if *Thucydides* gives you a faithful account of the losses on both sides, *Tacitus* does no less; but with it gives you the Causes of each War, the Policies of carrying it on, &c. which was the Effect of his Town-life, and Conversation with the Movements of the Body Politick. So while you are studying the *Machines* of *Descartes*, we are studying the sublimer ones of the Government of Mankind. Whilst you are pruning your Trees, we are contriving the lopping off such Rotten Members that may disfigure or prejudice the Publick Weal.

Jov. True, Sir, your Politicks are so plenty here in Town, that there's not a Trader, even from the topping Merchant to the humble Translator, but has his share in Modelling the Government;

ment; and for fear they shou'd shoot wide of their Mark, the Weekly *Observer* holds forth in a wretched manner upon Occurrences for their better instruction; but I am confident, as these numerous Politicians can't all, if they club'd together, make one *Machiavil*, so that they are more prejudicial to the Government than beneficial. The Coffee-house Politicks are but Fewel to Factions, and Fosterers of ripening Rebellion, both from the Violence of those that are uppermost, and the hot-headed Hopes and Presumptions of those that wou'd be so.

Pensf. But Mr. *Sociable*'s mentioning Politicks, has brought to my mind another refuge of those Wretches, who, by that time they come to the Age we mention, have spent all their Paternal Estate, and that is their adhesion to some factious Engagements in Plots and Conspiracies, hoping by a Change of Government, to gain a meliorating change of their pressing and hard Circumstances; and, if they be stirring and zealous men in the Cause they espouse, they certainly obtain encouragement, and gentile subsistence from the Patrons of it.

Jov. 'Till some of the Gang discover, and with the ignominy of an Informer, makes sure of a present miserable subsistence, rather than trust futurity, and so brings these State Reformers to *Tiburn*, to do a final Penance for all the Follies of their life; whereas, if they had kept under their own Vine in the Country, they might have left their Family in as good a Reputation and Ability, as they found it, if not better; but now must quit the Stage of Life, like Atheists; or else with doleful Lamentations for their mispent time; tho' they wou'd no more be perswaded from those Follies when they might, than a Dissenter from Pride, and Hypocrisie, or an Author from Arrogance.

Pensf. The like is the Fate of another sort, who are fain to set up for *Bullies*, and they are either Men of *Courage*, or at least great Proficients in the Fencing Faculty, or wou'd be thought so: The first makes it their livelyhood to be of the *Guard du Corps* of some Coward of Quality, and is oblig'd to step in betwixt danger, and his *Patron*; if he commit some extravagance, or give some affront, the *Bully* is by way
of

of prevention to engage the Person affronted in a quarrel with him, 'till at last, after a pecuniary Redemption from two or three Murthers, he is fairly trust up according to his deserts, tho' not so soon. The other is an arrant Coward, but would put on the face of a desperate and resolute Man, and he is perpetually telling of his Exploits, where he supposes it may render him formidable; but he knows his Men, and before a Man that dares fight, he's as tame and peaceable an Animal as lives, tho' he breaths nothing but blood and wounds where he reigns.

But he must be better skill'd in the Town than I have ever been, that can run through all the desperate methods Men are drove, out of an habitual laziness and villainous Temper, to live by in this Town.

Jov. True, Cousin, 'twou'd be endless to run through 'em all, and we shall hit upon some others of them, when we come to the several Conversations of the Town, let us therefore proceed to Old Age——

Pen. You mean to those few that live to be old, for their number is so small

small that 'tis scarce worth taking notice of it.

Jov. Well, those few whose strong Constitutions, in spite of intemperance, have brought them to gray hairs, having been us'd to such a habit of Effeminacy, and Lewdness all their lives, cannot yet think of growing serious, and having experienc'd the punishment of Old Age in their *Virile State*, fancy they ought now, like the Serpent, to slip their Skin, and put in for Boys Game again. And here renews the Scene of Keeping, for on no other Condition can an Old Letcher Whore, tho' with one that has serv'd half the Town. With these some antiquated Player goes down, and she that has been glad to take up with a Footman in time of yore, is now exalted to the Knight, or Lord, and has allowance sufficient for her either to quit the House, or else to maintain a Spruce young Lover of her own.

Soc. Nay, gad Gentlemen, I have not a word to say for those Old Grey-bearded Fornicators, use them as you please, they are the Grievance of the Town, and ought to retire to their Country Seats, and retrieve, or save for
their

their Sons to have their turn in the
 enjoyment of the pleasures of the City.
 Therefore I care not if I give you a
 helping hand toward their Condemna-
 tion, at least as far as a modest *Innuendo*
 will go, that is, as to their prepos-
 terous sort of Lust; affecting that which
 is enough to tame a young Lover,
Stripes, Gentlemen, in great abundance;
 but, indeed, as all their Amours are un-
 natural, so an account of them is
 nauseous. But let us consider your
 Country Sparks of Ninety Nine, their
 Heads are now grown up to State-Af-
 fairs, and when they shou'd be think-
 ing of a Voyage to the *Stygian-Lake*,
 they are launching out into the Sea of
 Politicks, making Parties for being Kts.
 of the Shire, squabbling to be Burgesses.
 Then up they come to Town at the
 next Session of Parliament, and the
 House is allarm'd with some wonde-
 rous danger, their perspicacious eyes
 have discover'd, gathering in a Cloud,
 and just ready to fall on the Nation:
 Long Speeches of the Liberty and Pro-
 perty of the Subject diverts the House
 from dispatching pressing Affairs of
 State, and so by the procrastination
 of Resolves cuts off the Opportunities
 of

of the Glory of the Nation ; being generally ignorant that there is such a *Crisis* in the Movement of all Publick Affairs, that if it be let slip, 'tis beyond recovery : They see not the Causes of things, nor are capable of understanding them, any more than a Boy that has not learnt his Grammar, is of the *Entity of Reason*, and therefore make no quicker a dispatch. Then perhaps, for a Relaxation from Publick Affairs, the good Old Gentleman takes a turn in the *Park*, *Grays-Inn-Walks*, or those of *Lincolns-Inn* ; or may be, out of pure Zeal, or Devotion, goes to hear some Famous Man hold forth, sees some Charming *Phillis* that is *French* without, as well as within, that is, that has never a Smock to her cock'd *Commode* ; and a painted face above, with the *French Nobles* raging beneath ; is deeply enamour'd with her, finds out her Walks, Woos her with ardour, and the perswasive Rhetorick of his Estate ; gains the Fair one, is Marry'd, Pox'd, and Dead in a quarter of a year ; the Whore gets a good Jointure, Money, and Health by the Bargain ;

and

and this is often the Effects of his Antiquated *Politicks*.

Others are raking and scraping to fill their Baggs, and starving both themselves, and their Families in the Country, while their Spendthrift Sons are sending it going by Wholesale here, and before the *Curmudgeons* dye, have dipt most part of their Estates in *Judgments, Bonds, and Warrants*.

Pen. And well he deserves it, that sends his Son to Town for *Education*; when he might as well think to find Truth in the boasted Cures of an *Empiric*, the Promises of a Courtier, or in the Rodomontades of a Bully, as Sense, or Good Breeding in *London*.

Jov. But, quitting now Old Age, the Follies of which are so numerous, and far more odious than those of younger years, let us advance to the Conversations of the Town, on which Mr. *Sociable* pretends to put so great a value, tho' we shall find them as little worth our esteem, as Vain-glory in a Philosopher, Obscurity in a Poet, or Boasting in a Souldier.

Pen. I can see but two Ends in Conversation, Profit, and Pleasure; the *improvement*, or *diversion* of the mind; and

and if it deviate from this, or tend wholly to diversion, 'tis certainly faulty.

Jov. But the Conversation of the Town, tends, strictly speaking to neither; and only gratifies *Hate*, or *Lust*; the exposing the absent, Enemies or not, is never consider'd, the *absent* being lawful prize for laughter; or else their Discourse is running over their Amours in their lewd dress. So that 'tis evident that there is nothing that can contribute to the improvement of the Mind.

Penf. And I am sure the Mind can delight in nothing that does not in some measure yield a benefit to it.

Soc. A pretty regulation of Conversation this, if I mistake not! So that you wou'd reduce the World to that pass, that ev'ry Company shou'd be an Academy, or a *Convivium Philosophorum*; ha! ha! ha! but I am of much a contrary Opinion; I think that Conversation was ordain'd for the passing away our idle hours with pleasure: Thus far however I'll agree with you, as to grant it shou'd sometimes be consider'd as an improvement, when we endeavour for the converse of Men of

D.

Sense

Sense and Wit, which may bring us to a habit of talking wittily. But for your grave starch'd Debates of the Motion of the Earth, the Magnetical Quality of the Load-stone, the Saline Quality of the Sea, and such Speculations over a Bottle of good Wine, is perverting the use on't, and is as odd as Steeple-Hats for the *Beaus* of *Covent-Garden*, or a Ruff or Farthingale for the Ladies, deserving rather our laughter, than admiration.

Jov. Then you are for no Conversation, but in a Tavern, *Sociable*?

Soc. Yes, yes, *Jovial*, I am for Con-
versing in a Lady's Chamber too; where you wou'd make a very pretty Figure, with your *Systems* and *Hypotheses*: When you shou'd be talking of the Beauties of the Lady that entertains you, the spreading Conquests of her eyes, and the torment of your heart, which is one of her Captives.

Jov. And so to ev'ry Lady you come to——Well, but if we permit you to talk of Love and Torments in a Lady's Chamber, of News, and New Plays in a Coffee-House, of the Cheats of the Vintners at the Tavern, will you allow no Man time nor place for more substantial

substantial Discourse? Must Bawdry, and Quibbles take up a whole Night's Conversation, and that from Night to Night all the Year round? This is but at best a Repetition of the same thing in another dress, a more plausible tho' more Criminal sort of Tautology, since the Repetition consists in that which once to mention is nauseous, and consequently too often.

Soc. Therefore to avoid the cloying our selves with the same Dish, we vary our Company, and so meet with variety of *Wit*, and always something *New*, and *Surprising*. Whereas in the Country, you must be content with such as your thin Neighbourhood affords you; or for better, ride as far as the *Jews* of old went to Church; but here in Town, Company is more numerous, out of which you may cull enough to pass the leisure hours with pleasure.

Pen. Leisure hours, Sir! why such are all your hours, I think; for I can perceive nothing you do but Eat, Drink, and Whore, and so to Bed; moving perpetually in this *miserable thoughtless Circle*.

Jov. But, my dear *Sociable*, me-

thinks there is not variety enough in your Conversation, ev'n as you represent it, for one Night ; if Obscenity and Intrigue be all your Discourse, you must be forc'd to a repetition of the *matter*, if not of the *manner*.

Soc. Why you fancy now our Meetings like yours in the Country, where two or three Grave Justices of the *Quorum* meet together, and are fain to sit silent half the time, unless they call in the Landlord to break a dry jest ; because they know not what to say, when they have once run through the Adventures of their Jurisdiction, the Price of Corn, the falling or rising of Rents, and such their usual *Topics*, unless they begin again ; but you take a wrong notion of our Societies from them ; here we always have a numerous Club, sometimes of a dozen, seldom under ten ; and then by that time one has done with his Intrigues, the next has fresh Adventures to impart, or some Poetic Essay perhaps to Communicate, and so we never want Discourse, nor ever are troubled with the same——

Jov. The same words you mean, for I am sure the same matter, as I have said,

said, is fain to serve you, only Cook'd up in several manners. And as for your valuing your Company for being so many, I find you have forgot that of the incomparable *COWLY*——

Few Friends, and true ; many Books, and good. And of such is our Conversation and Studies compos'd. Not do we envy your Societies for being so full, since we are satisfy'd that hurry and much Company contribute not at all to their perfection ; else the *Noisy Pit*, and the *buzzing Change*, wou'd be the most agreeable places of Converse. Whereas we had rather confine our Meetings to the number of the *Graces*, than extend them to that of the *Muses*, much less go beyond them ; unless where Publick Affairs engage a more general Meeting, which we reckon among the excentrick hours of our Lives.

Soc. You seem to brand our Conversations with the infamy of barrenness in Discourse, and that we are confin'd to the same thing eternally, which in my Opinion fits yours much better ; the manuring of your Lands, the fancy'd Interests of your Precincts, the improvement of your Clover-grass, the
best

best Receipt of making Sider keep, and the most useful Traps to catch Vermin, with the learned Common places I have mentioned but now, take up all your Discourses. While we are regal'd with the sprightly efforts of fancy, and all the World is the subject of our Entertainment.

Jov. Eternal Rovings indeed, take up all your time and Employment, and therefore 'tis no wonder your Discourse is of the same stamp. But if I thou'd grant you that variety you contend for, yet I can never think perpetual Chat on whatever comes uppermost, without coherence, or design, can merit any Name but that of *egregious trifling*, below the Converse of School-Boys.

Pensf. But ours is that of Rational Men; for one Gentleman employs himself in *Study*, and with him we improve in Speculations; another in *Experimental Observations*, which give us a light into the Wonders of Nature, and Material Beings; then what Noble delight to compare and see how the Theory and Practice agree, and how they differ. One is busied in *Gard'ning*, another in *Agriculture*, &c. And thus
our

our Conversation with ease and Pleasure brings us to the knowledge of Nature in all her parts, sooner than Dining at *Pontack's*, or the *Blew-Posts*, or *Locker's* about Six in the Evening; than by spending the Day in Sleep, the Night in Drinking, and Whoring; than by boasting of Intrigues they ne'er arriv'd to; so robbing those of their Reputation, whom they cou'd not of their Honour.

Jov. But for the gaining of the knowledge of Mankind, for which, Mr. *Sociable* seem'd to value the Town-life; the most skillful is but a Bungler at it, I mean of those that keep the most Company, their Knowledge seldom reaching any further than those with whom they have had a long and personal Acquaintance; with a Stranger they are as far to seek, as the most Solitary Country Man, nay and farther, if he have but a little insight into the nature of the Passions, and their effects on the outward appearance; the best sort of *Physiognomy*. These Gentlemen of the Town know Man so little, that they cannot distinguish between apparent dissimulation, and reality, especially if the first seem the least enclining

ning to their advantage. Hence proceeds such a medly in their Companies, and Meetings; chance, and not inclination and Reason guiding them in the Choice; they Select such to spend those hours with, in which they design to indulge themselves the most, as ought rather with the greatest caution to be avoided. On the other hand, those that wou'd pass for very curious in culling out their Company, generally err as much; the *Boon Companion*, that is, in plain English, a Rake-hell, is much caress'd; and this is one that drinks for drink's sake, that makes himself not only his own, but the God of all that keep him Company; his words are Oracles with them; and 'tis look'd upon as a great scandal, if any of them fall short of his Pint Glass, or his Blasphemous or Treasonable Jest; or rather than fail, a Health to the Devil, or at least Friendly and Sociable Damnation to one another. Such are the Topping Heroes of the Tavern, into whose Company 'tis no small happiness to be admitted, tho' they value none but for their own present diversion, not caring a straw when the midnight Deboach is over, if all the Company were sent.

sent to the Devil, either by civilly breaking their own necks, or decently cutting one anothers throats; which wou'd at worst serve for a pleasant raillery in the next Club.

Pen. A very prudent Choice, to caress those as Friends, who wou'd no more contribute Sixpence to the subsistence of him that had spent all his Youth and Estate in their Conversation, than a College-Physician wou'd to the maintenance of a broken Quack.

Jov. Nor cou'd they expect any better from them, that wou'd spare neither God, nor their King, if they stood in competition with a wretched Jest.

Then for the demure modest Man, or rather he that obtains that name; he's only a fly Species of *Cowardise*, that is complaisant in all Companies, admiring every one before his face, but laughing and jeering in a clumsy manner to the next Confident they meet: This Spark is cringing, and proffering his Service to ev'ry one, but worse at performance than a Courtier.

Penf. But pray, Mr. *Jovial*, let us
D 3 not

not dwell thus upon Generals, but take a view of the Particulars, and then see what pleasure the enjoyment of their Company affords.

Jov. Let's therefore divide their Conversations into their several parts, as that of the City, and that of this end of the Town.

Penf. To begin therefore with this end of the Town, as the most honourable, being the resort and rendezvous of Quality; let us consider them under their several Denominations, as *Beaus*, *Rakehells*, and *Wits*.

Jov. A meer *Beau* is a Creature compounded of Peruke, Cravat and Cravat-string, and fine Cloaths; a Pocket Looking-glass, and Pocket Comb, Perfumes and Pulvillio's, fine Coach and fine Equipage; an Amorous glance, a white Hand, and Diamond Ring on Finger; he's more skilful in Fashions, and the nicety of the making a Coat and Breeches than a Taylor, in Silks and Ribbons than a Mercer or Milliner; and so in all the Trades and Professions that go to the making him up, or at least, fancies himself to be so; his Discourse is of nothing but *Billet doux*, Amorous Intrigues, or the Love-sick

sick Ladies that are dying for him; but chiefly, the Modes and Dresses of both Men and Women; as, who dresses best, who most *adroit* wears his Hat or her Commode; who adjusts his Peruque with the best Grace, or her wanton Curls with the most taking Air, has the most curious fancy in the choice of his Stockings, or her Manto; the nicest Judgment in the cuts of his Sleeve or Pocket, the best Meen in his Motion, the greatest Majesty in his sitting still: His places of resort are *Covent Garden Church* about Ten, if he can get up so early, the Park, the Play, and *Tom. Wraime's* Coffee-house, which indeed is the Tiring or Dressing-room, before he either goes to act his part in a Ladies Chamber, or to Ogle the Nymphs in the Boxes or Musick-meetings: Here he makes his advances to the Glass, pulls out his Comb, discriminates the Curls, which perhaps by the incivility of the Air had been entangled: Here he practises his several Postures, and runs over his short Inventory of Thoughts, that he may cull out, according to the depth of his Judgment, what is most killing with the Fair. His secret and most retir'd Entertainment is to practise

Heise a new Dance, Song or Bow: He is never easie in a Suit, tho' never so fresh, if he happen to meet with one of a newer Cut, or Mode; Dress and Intrigue are all his Study. What abundance of Pleasure therefore must his Conversation afford!

Pens. But there is another Class of *Beaus*, who are Candidates for Wit too, and they have the additional en-sign of their Preheminence, a Snuff-box, with the white hand twirl'd up *con licentia Seignior*, to ev'ry Box that is open'd; which thing alone is enough to qualifie him for a Wit, and therefore we'll place him among the Wits, and here pass to the Rake-hells.

Jov. A Rake-hell, in his proper definition, according to the Opinion of the Learned of that Fraternity, is one, *that will play away his hundred pound at sight, Tile at sight, (that is, without Thought or Consideration) and Whore at sight, and Drink at sight*; and whoever passes these degrees, has been adjudg'd of the Family of the *Rakehellonims*, qualify'd according to Law, and without which no Man can lawfully assume that name, any more than a place at Court without taking the Test and Oaths. His
other

other Exploits are but effects of these Qualifications, as engaging with the Watch, breaking of Windows, beating up the Quarters of the Bawd, that commands a Squadron of Wenches to her Relief; bilking of Whores and Coachmen, outfacing a Dun, and breaking the Creditor's Head that asks for his Money, kicking the Drawer down Stairs; to omit Oaths and Imprecations, more numerous than other Words. Blasphemy and Treason are Trifles they never stick at: Friendship he has none; Honour he has none; nor any Love but Lust, or Pleasure but Drinking, being a Devote to Drunkenness. His other Qualifications we have had already, so that this Spark is like to yield wonderful Pleasure in Discourse, fit for a Rational Man!

Soc. This Extravagance affords Diversion enough now and then:— But what say you to the Men of Wit? I hope their Conversation is of a higher Degree in your Esteem?

Jov. Truly, very little;— The Wits, indeed, are of a large Extent, and afford a Spacious Field of Consideration, of which very few are worth Converse with, at the Expence of
our

our Time, and Happiness, in living in Town for their sakes. They are divided into Criticks and Authors: The Criticks in general, are ev'ry one that has Money to Buy, or Leisure and Patience enough for to Read; even from the Groom to the Lord, from the Prentice to the Alderman, from the Chambermaid to the Countess, from the little Miss in the Nursery, to the grave Matron in her Closet; from the Beardless Boy to the Grey and Honourable Head of Old Age. But more precisely speaking, this Appellation is properly circumscrib'd to the Compass of *Covent Garden*, and the *Inns of Court*, and they easily set up; for a pretty good Assurance, a Familiarity with an Author of the lower Class, or a sight of one of the first Form, with a Condemning-Face on all that is spoke of, or read; dubs any one an uncontrollable *Critick*; for there is, as they suppose, a wonderful deal of Wit in finding fault; that is, in the absence of the *Author* they condemn; for 'tis a General Rule, with very few Exceptions, to Damn the Absent, and Extol the Present. But if they arrive to the pertness of speaking Decisively of any thing,

thing, with a Tinsel Reason at the end on't, they are admitted as unappealable Judges in point of Wit and Criticisms, tho' they have borrow'd their Notion from some other, and which, it may be, has pass'd through more hands than the Money in their Pockets; yet whilst they are in possession of it, they plead as equal a right to that, as to the other; and to say Truth, to deny 'em that Priviledge, wou'd render them very silent, and as poor in Critical Nonsense, as to stop the Circulation of Money wou'd both Traders and Gentlemen in the Purse.

Penf. He that can give a piercing Judgment of some admirable Passage in the last dull Prologue, brings all the Authors to his Awful Tribunal, as often as they appear in Print; and all the Fry of Minor Criticks follow with Implicit Faith, all his Opinions for the future.

Jov. To say the Truth of the Matter, As the destruction of Pipes is the multiplication of Stoppers, so the destruction of Authors Reputations is the multiplication of Criticks; for one Author that is damn'd, shall set up at least half a hundred of them. And
for

for the Conversation of these Sparks, one wou'd no more chuse it, than the Sessions of *Oyer* and *Terminer*, where nothing but Hell and Damnation makes up all the Discourse: Put them out of their Road upon any thing of Moderation, and Indifferent Matters, and they are as mute as so many Fishes, till the least opportunity offers it self for them to catch hold of, to repeat their Nauseous Observations, viz. That *this* Verse did not Rhime well, *that* was a little too rough, without any regard to the Sense of it; that being beyond their Talent.

Soc. Gad, you are as tedious upon these Locusts of Conversation, as the Ordinary of *Newgate* in his Prefatory Introductions to the woful Catastrophe of a Pick-pocket; or an old decay'd Gentlewoman, in running over the endless Topick of her Pedigree; as if you were afraid to come to the Test of our Men of true Sense and Wit.

Jov. What do you mean? Your Composers of Songs to *Sylvia*, *Phillis*, *Cloris*, and *Clemene*? Your everlasting Murderers of *Horace*, *Ovid*, and the rest of the *Roman* Wits, for the sake of the Booksellers? Are those your Hero's?

The

The first have all their *Wit* and *Discourse* bounded with the melting Charms of *Sylvia*, the winning Eyes of *Cloris*, the snowy Bosom of *Phillis*, and the pretty Hand of *Clemene*; the Cruelty of one Fair one, the Sweetness of another, the Sigh of a Third, and the Voice of a Fourth; and tho' one wou'd imagine, that use (which gives Perfection very often) shou'd make them perfect Masters in the Description of Beauty and Passion; yet, alas, their Barren Minds and Fancies produce nothing but Eternal Wretched *Tautologies* that the heaviest thoughts Dulness cou'd furnish, or their lighter *Amouretts* inspire. That of the incomparable *Hudibras* may very well flow from the Consideration of the Essays of these Candidates of *Wit*, and Aspirers to the Bays:

Wou'd it not make one strange,

That some Mens Fancies shou'd ne'r change,

That they shou'd always do and say

The self same thing the self same way?

This Conversation (I mean, their Discourse; for I wou'd not have you imagine, I think 'em guilty of Constancy in

in any thing, where they are capable of altering) is of the same unchangeable nature with their Writings; if they have any thing tolerable, you have it the first time you see them, and 'twou'd be to put your self into the Circumstance of a *needleless* Repetition, ever to come near 'em more: Then for the other, the greater part of them are not capable of understanding the easiest Verse in all *Horace*, *Ovid*, or *Virgil*, or any other of the *Latines*, and only build themselves the Reputation of Scholars, on the Labours of Mr. *Creech*, or *Brome's Translation of Horace by several Hands*; *Sandy's Ovid's Metamorphoses*, or a wretched old Version of *Ovid's Epistles*, by some *Anonymous Author*, or *Ogleby's Virgil*, most of which they borrow from, and ev'n fall short of their Excellence. And if you shou'd chance to ask 'em in Company, how they came to render such a Verse or Word so, and so, they are as much to seek, as a certain Author that wou'd pretend to do an Ode from the Greek, was, when he was pos'd in the very *Alphabet*. Their Discourse, indeed, generally is on the great Wit of *Horace*, the Softness of *Ovid*, the Majesty

sty of *Virgil*, the Waggishness of *Caullus*, &c. tho' they have no other knowledge of them, than what they gather from former Translators, or the Opinion of some of our *Major Domos* of the Muses, who have not forgot the Consequences of *In Speech*, and the Rudiments of the *Latin Tongue* so far, but they can read something of them with the help of large Annotations; and all the Observations they find there, they give out in their Mother Tongue for their own; and so pass for profoundly skill'd in the Languages.

Soc. Nor these, Mr. *Jovial*, do I reckon among the Regales of Conversation, or the Men of Wit and Sense, tho' I confess, they aspire to that Reputation and Name.

Penf. Much worse qualify'd tho', in my Opinion, than *Catiline* for the Consulship.

Soc. Or a Country Girl for the Intrigues of the Town, or a Modest Man for a Bully. But since you can't be so biggotted to your Country Converse, as to deny us the Happiness of the greatest Wits in the World to Associate with, and whose Company
raises

raises our Conversible Hours to the highest pitch.

Jov. Faith, Mr. *Sociable*, you have had much better Luck than I, if you have met with such wondrous Excellence in their Company; tho' I must confess, I wou'd fain know what you mean by your Wits?

Soc. Mean? Why I mean such as are really so; Men whose Writings have ravish'd that Name from Envy and Ignorance, and establish'd their Reputation, ev'n with the Age to come.

Jov. Oh, ho! you mean, I perceive, our other Division, your Authors—but of these, do you mean your Men of Kidney, Learn'd in the profound Art of Banter, where Fancy flows in like a Torrent, and does the Work without the help of Judgment, of the Class of *Merry-Andrew* and *Jack-Pudding*, only exalted from the Scaffold to the Press? This is far enough from being Wit, in my Opinion, tho' it goes down with raw Youths at the Universities, Clerks of the Minor Inns of Court, Prentices, and Chambermaids; or, perhaps, old grave Dons, that have been poring over a Confutation

tation of *Bellarmino*, the future Occurrences of Time, and the Catastrophe of the World, and a Hundred Tomes of Controversial Divinity, may take a light Trifle for the digestion of those heavier ones they are continually Conversant with, more agreeable in their natures than at first you may imagine, for both end without any Satisfaction to the Readers, by Evidence of what they are employ'd about; when you have read the one you are as far to seek as when you sat down, or perhaps, farther; and when you have run over the other, you'll be at a stand to know what the Author aim'd at. These sort of Authors, I think, deserve no higher Title than Drolls; and their Conversation is so correspondent to their Study, that they never speak any thing to the purpose; so that their Persons as well as Writings are a Ridiculous Riddle, I wou'd give no more to be skill'd in, than I wou'd to the Assigns of *Tom. Saffold*, of happy Memory, for his Receipt of Purging-Pills.

Pens. Their highest Excellence, is, to joke upon the Drawer, to banter the Vintner, to bilk their Lodgings, to sham their Bookseller, to Ridicule Religion

ligion, and laugh at Solid Learning. Their only *Business* is in enquiring into the Vices or Follies of one, or another; to stuff their Papers with Scandal, or in purloining of Jest from the Company, which they present the Town with in their next Essay, for their own.

Jov. The *Cant of Alsatia*, a Book of Merry Tales, a Common-Place-Book of Similies, gather'd, as you observ'd, from ev'ry Company they come in, sets them up.

Soc. And yet shall a Country Squire give Ten Pound to be admitted into his Company, and treat all that are present into the bargain.

Jov. If any such there be, they deserve what they meet with, that is, to be abus'd and laugh'd at for Block-heads when they are gone. — These are Men, indeed, of more Tongue than many of the rest of the Scribes, for their Reputation and Subsistence depend on their diverting the Company; and there you shall hear half a Hundred times over the Beauties of their next piece of Banter they are to publish; not a pretty Story, or Airy Jest but has been made free of all the Companies

panies they keep, for a Month or two before the World sees it in Mood and Form. Then all Mankind, that they know, are the Subjects of their Railleries, till some ill Fate brings it to the Ear of a Morose Gentleman that's abus'd, — the Wits are thrash'd, and basely submits to the Correction; and in this wretched manner are their Lives spent, as is very well describ'd by an unknown Author.

*The World may well forgive him all his
Hill,*

*For ev'ry fault does prove his Penance
still.*

Easily he falls into some dangerous Noose,

And then, as meanly labours to get loose:

A Life so Infamous, is better quitting,

*Spent in base Injuring, and low Sub-
mitting.*

But the greatest Banter of their Life, is, when they pretend to be Serious, and apply themselves to Argument and Reason; for they are made of such an odd Composition, that their most grave Endeavours run naturally into Ridicule.

Pens. Enough, I think, of these
wretched

wretched Scriblers, whose *Fame* is built on Scandal, and whose *Wit* lies in unaccountable Trifling; the End of whose Living and Writing is the same, Merry and Short, without Thought or Design.

Soc. I have seen you laugh, Mr. *Jovial*, very heartily at the Discourse and Books of a certain great Master of Banter

Jov. True, Mr. *Sociable*; but it was for the same Reason that I laugh at a Country Scraper, when he attempts to play on the Fiddle, or a Country Peasant, when he attempts a Dance; that is, for the affected aukerdness of it: 'Tis plain, we are dwindling down to our Primitive Dulness, and the decay of our Common Sense is very visible, when we value our selves upon Banter and Epigrams (the next Door to *Dutch Acrosticks*) and puff those Sots up with Admiration, who have nothing of Solid or *True Wit* in them.

Penf. As for most of your other Wits, of Authors, they reserve their whole Stock of *Wit* for their Works, so that if you wou'd converse with them with Pleasure, you must be as seldom as may be in their Company, for that is the dullest in the World. *Soc.*

Sec. Why, you alter in your Judgements, Gentlemen, like a Clergy-man, that has the advantage of a good Benefice in view; you valu'd not Conversation but now, for much talk; and now you condemn it for little.

Penf. Oh, Sir, there's a *Medium* in all things, Silence and Chat are distant enough to have a convenient Discourse come between 'em; and thus far I agree with you, that the Company of the Author of *Absalom* and *Achitophel* is more valuable, tho' not so talkative, than that of the Modern Men of *Banter*; for what he says, is like what he writes; much to the purpose, and full of mighty Sense; and if the Town were for any thing desirable, 'twere for the Conversation of him, and one or two more of the same Character.

Jov. But I have seen your Wits silence this Great Man by multiplicity of words, with little to commend them but a very great assurance.

Penf. The Conversation of your other Poets is compounded of Arrogance, and Ill Nature; for to speak in Commendation of an absent Author in any of their Companies, is almost High Treason.

Jov. Nay, one had better say on
E. gentle

gentle word of *Lewis* in a Zealous Coffee-House; and the least Penalty you can expect, is the Abdication of your Company; and you are favourably dealt with, if you come off so; for, ten to one you are brought in for Cakes and Ale in the next Prologue, or for a Fop or Fool in the next new Farce, or lash'd in a Preface with a squinting Reflection that looks a hundred ways at once.

Penf. In your Comical Poet's Company you shall be teiz'd with one damn'd Impertinence or other; the Severity of the Criticks, the Senselessness of the Age that can't relish all the Beauties of their Endeavours; and tho perhaps the most insipid Farce in Nature shall rail at the ill nature of the Town, that cou'd not relish his *Scom-rers*, &c. Another that has Success, and no Merit, vaunts it with the highest ovation, and wants but the *Lawrel* to make it a formal Triumph, at which he grasps with all the *Claws* of *Lirick*, *Pindarick*, &c. Glories in the just Reflections that are made on his Performances, as the Impotent Efforts of Envy; and e'ry Company he is in, he thinks oblig'd to hear all his Impertinencies:

nencies: The whole Progress of his Writing his last Play, ev'n to the minutest Action, Position of his Body, as *Nostradamus* does of his placing himself for Prophecy, with his Great Toe on a Brass Kettle, his Fore-Finger on his Mouth, &c. as if the World were so highly intrest'd in their Affairs, as to be oblig'd to take notice of their silly and private Follies; whereas their Publick ones, are enough to tire us, without an industrious discovering of private ones. Nay, and 'tis well he has no Philosophy, he wou'd else give you e'ry Motion of the Soul in the Operation; and how many Capers it cut at the production of any Notable Jest in his Scenes.

Jov. If you're of his Acquaintance (for he's intimate with every one) he certainly informs you of the most secret Intrigues of his Life; how many believing innocent Ladies he has Debauch'd, and Forsaken, or made his Penniworth of, unless he owe you Money; then all Intrigues of advantage are kept behind the Scenes: However, he'll tell you, That from that Spark he drew such a Character, from that Lady another; tho' to the first he has been oblig'd

beyond what his little Abilities, and by far less Soul, is able to return; and by the other, us'd with that Freedom and Civility, as if he had been a Gentleman, because he wore a Sword and fine Cloaths, had a boon Assurance in his Address, and something else, perhaps, that pleas'd her Ladyship so well, as to betray her Discretion into a Familiarity with him: The heighth of his Conversation is a *Song, Drink-about Dick,* and a Story of old *Rowly*.

Penf. Then for your Tragick Man of Mettle; (for, Sir, you must know, these VVits have all found my Cousin out at the Tavern, since he came to Town, that so ev'ry day we have had more novelty of VVits than VVine or Dishes) his Conversation is as sonorous as his Verse: Once will give you your Belly full of either.

Jov. A great many of them are much fitter, I confess, for *Ax-Tard*, or the *Mitre*, to Chronicle the famous Lives of the Memorable Knights of the Post, than for Play-writers. All they do as well as write, seems done by chance; and if any thing wou'd make me think Beasts Machines, 'twould be these *Goliath's* of the Mount of *Parnassus*; for they

they are angry without cause, pleas'd without amends, laugh without any sign of Satisfaction or Pleasure, are silent when they should speak, and talkative when they shou'd say nothing; the Booksellers Drudges and Bubbles, the Player's Slave, and ev'ry Man's Humble Servant: Some are something humble, I must confess, in the reading of their VVorks, when just come out of the Mint of their Fancy, for they trouble none but the Judicious Baker, the Jolly Translator, of Shoes, I mean, not Authors, to whom they read their blundring Passion of distress'd Innocence, in a Tone that frightens the admiring Auditors into wonder and amazement. Mr. Sociable, I hope you will not much contend for the mighty happiness of these Sparks Conversation.

Soc. Prithee, as thou lov'st me, *Jovial*, rake not into the Ashes of the Dead; for so these Sparks are, as to Reputation and Conversation, this many a fair Year. But we have a new Generation of Authors and Poets sprung up, Men of Learning, and curious Sceptical Geniuses, that discover the grosser Ignorances, or Errors of their greatest Men of the last Age.

Jov. With not one single qualification of Excellence, to give 'em Authority for so doing ! Mean you, your Collectors, Dedicators, and Preface-makers ; from the *Voiture* of the Second Edition, to the *D----f--*'s Epistle-Writer, or *Journalists*, *Mercurists* ; or under what Denomination do you rank 'em ? But which ever you please to Select, Vanity, and a little superficial Glosses, are their chief Talents ; what they gather from the Labours of others, either in their own, or the *French Language*, they seize without acknowledgment, and pass off for their own. 'Tis true, some of this younger Fry, I believe will e're't belong, fill up *Nat. Lee's* vacant place in *Moor-fields* ; they are so Mad already with Poetry, that all Places and People they pass, are not safe from the onsets of their Rhimes. *Boileau* has very well describ'd the Offspring of *Crispinus*, in his Art of Poetry, in the Fourth Canto.

*Quelques Verse toute fois qu' Apollon vous
inspire,
En tout lieux aussi-tost, ne courez pas les
lire.*

Gardez.

*Gardez-vous d'imiter ce Rimeur furieux
 Qui de ses vain Ecrits lecteur harmonieux.
 Aborde en recitant qui conque le Salié
 E pur suit de les verse les passans dans la
 rue.*

*Il n'est Temple si saint des Anges respecte,
 Qui soit contre sa Muse en bein de securetè*

VVhich Sir. William Solmes has thus rendered into English.

*Yet, when Apollo does your Muse inspire,
 Be not impatient to expose your fire ;
 Nor imitate the Settles of our Times,
 Those Tuneful Readers of their own dull
 Rhymes,*

*Who seize on all th' Acquaintance they can
 meet,*

*And stop the Passengers that walk the Street
 There is no Sanctuary you can chuse,
 For a Defence from that pursuing Muse.*

The Vanity of some of those, is so superlative, that their Conversation is to persecute you with the perusal of their Pockets full of Papers: But the plague on't is, they wou'd needs have this unreasonable Punishment pass for a Favour, a wonderful confiding effect of Friendship; whereas, 'tis no more than

what ev'ry one, they have the least knowledge of, is oblig'd with. Their own *Vanity*, nourish'd by the *ill-natur'd* praise of such as have a mind to make a perpetual Diversion (such a one as it 'tis) of them to the Town, blinds them so, that they cannot see how they are the Sport and Laughter of ev'ry Company they come into. *Arrogance* and *Vanity*, are nauseous in the Best, unpardonable in the Worst, it lessens our just Esteem of the first, and breeds the highest, and therefore justest Contempt for the last.

Pens. As for the Wits of *Quality*, as an *ill-natur'd Lampoon*, an *indifferent Version*, or, at most, some trifle of a Play, is sufficient to establish them as such, so their *Quality* secures them against the Attacks of Critics, at least, in Print; for *Scandalum Magnatum* is the Devil: And therefore we'll pass them over in silence, as moving in a Sphere of their own, and are not often so Excentric to mingle with the rest, unless with some young topping Wit, that sprouts out of a sudden, like a Mushroom in a Night, with some new Paradox to usher him into the World.

Mr. Jov.

Jov. The Courtiers, I am sure, will never be esteem'd any of the best Companions; their Heads are too much taken up with Politicks and Designs, tho' seldom to any purpose; one wou'd avoid their Conversation any where, but never be so mad to seek it at Court, where ev'ry one endeavours by Malice, Falsities well conceal'd, and Contentions, to out another, meerly for his own Advantage, without any regard to the Service of the Prince their Master; whose highest Favours wou'd be of less esteem, if plac'd without detriment to any other, being most valu'd, when they are rais'd upon an others Ruin. But the incomparable *Spencer* describes the Court very well; as it has generally in all Ages merited the good Word of the Poets, especially when they speak their Minds: In their Flatteries of Great Men, we may observe a Violence offer'd to themselves, and some words cast in, lest the World shou'd think they meant really what they writ; but when they speak against the Court, you may easily see they are in earnest: But now to *Spencer*, I'll repeat 'em; for the delight I took in 'em, made me learn them without book.

Cause have I none, quoth he, of cancred Will,
 To quit them ill, that me demean'd so well:
 But Self-regard, of private Good, or Ill,
 Moves me of each, so, as I found to tell;
 And eke, to warn young Shepherd's wand-
 ring Wit,

Which thro' the Port of that Lifes painted
 Bliss,

Abandon Quiet home, to seek for it,
 And leave their Lambs to loss, misled amiss.
 Forsooth, to say, it is no sort of Life,
 For Shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
 Where each one seeks, with Malice, and
 with Strife,

To thrust down other into foul disgrace,
 Himself to raise; and he doth soonest rise,
 That best can handle his deceitful Wit,
 In subtil Shifts, and finest Sights devise;
 Either by stand'ring his well deemed Name,
 Through Leasings lewd, and feigned Forgery,
 Or else by breeding him some Blot of Blame,
 By creeping close into his Secresie;
 To which him needs a guileful hollow Heart,
 Masqu'd with fair dissembling Courtesie,
 A fild Tongue, furnish'd with terms of
 Art:

No Art of School, but Courtiers Schoolery;
 For Arts of School, have their small Coun-
 tenance,

Counted

Counted but Toys to buisie idle Brains ;
 And their Professors, find small Mainte-
 nance,

But to be Instruments of others gains.

Nellis there place for any gentle Wit,

Unless to please, it self it can apply ;

But shoulder'd is, or out of doors quite shut ;

As base or blunt, unmeet for Melody.

For each Man's Worth is measur'd by the
 Weed,

As Harts by Horns, or Asses by their
 Ears ;

Yet Asses be not all, whose Ears exceed ;

Nor yet all Harts that Horns highest bears.

For highest Looks have not the highest Mind,

Nor haughty Words, most full of highest
 Thoughts ;

But are like Bladders blown up with wind,

That being prick't, do vanish into nought.

Ev'n such is all their vaunted Vanity,

Nought else but Smoke, that fumeth soon
 away ;

Such is their Glory, that in simple Eye,

Seem greatest, when their Garments are
 most gay.

So they themselves, for praise of Fools do
 sell,

And all their Wealth for painting on a Wall ;

With price whereof, they buy a golden Bell,

And purchase highest Rooms in Bower, and

Hall ;

Whilst

Jov. With not one single qualification of Excellence, to give 'em Authority for so doing ! Mean you, your Collectors, Dedicators, and Preface-makers ; from the *Voiture* of the Second Edition, to the *D---f--*'s Epistle-Writer, or *Jurnalists*, *Mercurists* ; or under what Denomination do you rank 'em ? But which ever you please to Select, Vanity, and a little superficial Glosses, are their chief Talents ; what they gather from the Labours of others, either in their own, or the *French* Language, they seize without acknowledgment, and pass off for their own. 'Tis true, some of this younger Fry, I believe will e're't belong, fill up *Nat. Lee*'s vacant place in *Moor-fields* ; they are so Mad already with Poetry, that all Places and People they pass, are not safe from the onsets of their Rhimes. *Boileau* has very well describ'd the Offspring of *Crispinus*, in his Art of Poetry, in the Fourth Canto.

*Quelques Verse toute fois qu' Apollon vous
inspire,
En tout lieux aussi-tost, ne conrez pas les
lire.*

Gardez

*Gardez-vous d'imiter ce Rimeur furieux
 Qui de ses vain Ecrits lecteur harmonieux.
 Aborde en recitant qui conque le Salié
 E pur suit de les verse les passans dans la
 rue.*

*Il n'est Temple si saint des Anges respecté,
 Qui soit contre sa Muse en bein de secreté*

VWhich Sir. William Solmes has thus
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 To thrust down other into foul disgrace,
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With price whereof, they buy a golden Bell,

And purchase highest Rooms in Bower, and

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Whilst

*Whilst single Truth, and simple Honesty,
Do wander up and down, despis'd by all;
Their plain Attire, such glorious Gallantry
Disdains so much, that none them in doth
call.*

I'll make no Apology for the Length of the Quotation, because I am sure, Mr. Sociable, you are no little admirer of Spencer.

Soc. Prithce, in what part of that Poet is this? For I don't remember it.

Jov. 'Tis in his *Colin Clouts*, come home again.

Penf. Methinks the Courtiers may be divided into the Statesman, that makes his Market of the Crown; and those of lesser hopes and capacities, who instead of getting, spend Estates, to kiss their Leaders behind; and lastly, into those who have no other thoughts, but to earn, or advance, the Sallery they have got, by Blustering and Noise in Taverns, and Coffee-Houses, by forcing every one to Drink the King's Health.

Jov. In short, we'll dismiss 'em with the words of Honest *Osway*.

What

*What Man of Sense wou'd wrack his Ge-
 neros Mind,
 To Practice all those base Formalities,
 And Forms of Business; force a grave
 starch'd Face,
 When he's a very Libertine in's Hevrt?
 Seem not to know this or that Man in
 Publick,
 When Privately, perhaps, they meet toge-
 ther,
 And lay the Scene of some Brave Fellow's
 Ruine.*

*Soc. But, Mr. Jovial, you are so
 possess'd with Indignation, that you
 can't see all the Gentlemen of Parts,
 that make us happy in their Conver-
 sation. What think you of the Law-
 yers, and Scholars? For we have our
 Philosophers, Physicians, Mathematici-
 ans, and Historians too; this last is the
 Noblest Study, as you your selves
 seem'd to intimate but now, and I
 think this most worthy a Gentleman.*

*Penf. Well remember'd, Sir, we'll
 take them in the order you have put
 them; and, as for your Lawyers, I
 think we have been plagu'd enough
 with their Conversation since we came
 to*

to Town ; The Councillors shall lengthen out their Discourses, as they do their Bills in Chancery, with a thousand superfluous Words ; you shall have nothing from them but *Tryals of Causes, Presidents, John-a-Noaks, and John-a-Stiles*, Tenants intail, levying of Fines, the *Lessor*, and the *Lessee*, the *Mortgager*, and the *Mortgagee* ; the Terms and Quirks of the Law, to shew that all our Estates and Properties are at their mercy ; few Conveyances being made so sure, but one or another of their Brotherhood, if they get a sight of your Writings, shall find a flaw in 'em. Then, for the under Classes of them, Attorneys, Solicitors, and Pettifoggers ; Bills, Judgments, Bonds, Warrants and Writs make up most of their talk ; not forgetting Procuration, and Forbearance, Packing of Juries, and Managing of Bail ; and an endless pack of Knave-ries, none but themselves can discover.

Jov. Then for the younger Sparks of the *Inns of Court*, who are plac'd there by their Fathers, to study the Law ; they adorn all their Studies with the Poets, and fill their heads with

with Lampoons, Songs, and Burlesque, instead of *Cook* upon *Littleton*, and *Assignations*, *Billet-doux*, &c. fill up their Tablets, whilst their *Common-Place-Books* are empty.

Pens. Then, for your Schollars, as you imagine them; they abound a thousand times more with Pedantry, than such as you found out in the Country; your Philosopher shall be talking of nothing but *Systems*, *Phænomena's*, *Aristotle*, *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, or *Descartes*, and *Male-branch*, &c. tho they be neither *Aristotelian*, nor *Cartesian*, sometimes *Hobbists*, generally *Scepticks*: But you are often impos'd upon by Names, and take them for Philosophers, who are only Masters of some General Notions, and the Names of the several parts of Philosophy, with those of the Authors; these you shall have continually talking of the *Bramins*, the *Caldaick* Philosophy, the *Sabeans*, *Confucins*, and the *Chinese*; not to mention *Zoroaster*, and *Paracelsus*.

Jov. Your Physicians Discourse is clogg'd with Terms of Art, all their Epithets drawn from their Profession; as *Deflegm'd*, *Rectify'd*, *Chasm*, &c.

as

as if they were always at a Lecture, or else are pretending mighty Practice, to get into Practice. Besides, they are generally very talkative; and assuming as if they were to be Dictators in e'ry Company they come in.

Pens. Your Mathematicians, like the rest, are either superficially Learn'd, or else so abounding in their own Study, that they are troublesome to all Companies with it; for they shall fill all their Discourse with Triangles, Quadrangles, Obtuse, Oblong, Cubes, Cylinders, Cones, Squaring the Circle, the Perpetual motion; nay, some will give us a Geometrical Problem for the demonstration of the *Trinity*.

Jov. As for your Historians, here you must expect nothing but all the former Ages Exalted to the Sky, or else levell'd to the Ground; and all the Vices of our Age only Repetitions of what has been done all along; they are generally Men of no Medium, but continually in Extreame; very often wondrous Politicians, which they arrive to by the application of all Transactions of Times past, to our present, or ev'n to our own Country, without any consideration of the difference of the

the Clime, the Constitution of the Government, the Inclinations of the People, and other Circumstances, before they draw their Consequences: Then for your General Scholar, as you miscall him, he is one that has a Smattering in e'ry thing, but nothing thoroughly; and his Discourse is a Confusion much like that of *Babel*; from Divinity, to the opening an Oyfter Mathematically; he has a continual Road of rambling Talk, which, when he has done, he begins again.

Penf. But you have both forgot the *Man Divine*.

Soc. 'Gad, abundance of them are Boon Blades, and love a *Bottle* and a *Bona-Roba* as well as my self; but their Scandalous Coat gives such an ill relish to Sin, that I had rather be without their Company, than with it.

Jov. Faith, Dear *Sociable*, were I to chuse my Company, I cou'd pick some of the best from out of these Men of the *Robe*, tho,' for the most part of them, Pride and Ignorance make them very uupleasant; but they have been the Subject of Satyr to too many far me to take notice of them,
who

who value their Character more, than to discover the Nakedness of it by the Follies of some that bear it.

Pens. And with the Ministry, I wou'd dismiss the Souldiery, now more than half Apostolical Missionaries, Fighting for Religion in the Fields, as the other do in the Pulpit. But as 'tis Profane to lash the first, so 'tis not safe to attack the latter.

Jov. They that blend *Mars* and *Minerva* together, or possess the latter in both her Capacities; for though their Conversation be either of Blood and Slaughter, of Escapes, Onsets, Rapes, Murders, Storming of Towns and Cupboards, Plundering of Cities, and Hen-Roosts; Stratagems, Sieges and Battles; Precedence of Squadrons, Punctillio's of Salute, whether with pulling off the Hat, or kissing the Sword, Duelling, and all the several ways of Destruction besides that of their own Personal Atchievements, or else of their Amours; the difference of the Embraces of the Women of the several Nations they have purchas'd Honour and Renown in, the best Liquors, and the best Cheer each affords, will yet set up for men of Parts, and

Chal:

Challenge the peaceable Name of *Wus*. But this I'll say for 'em, that they endeavour, where-ever they come, to repair the destruction they make of Mankind in the day time, with the *Fair* in the Night; but in that they follow the blind Dictates of Lust, not Thought, or Noble Passion; as they do of *Interest*, and *Pay*, not Honour in the Field: But for Wit and Learning, they ought no more to pretend to 'em, than they do to Conscience and Religion; but we must have a care of affronting the Men of the Blade,

*For Bilbo's their Word,
And Fighting's their Trade.*

Pens. Let us therefore quit this end of the Town, with this satisfaction, that we can't find above four or five worth a Wise Man's Conversation; let us therefore Adjourn our Discourse to the City, and then take Horse for the Country, for I'm impatient 'till I'm there.

Jov. But before we pass to the City we must not forget a certain Species of Men call'd *Sharpers*, tho' they are a kind

kind of Amphibious Creatures, and partake of both parts of the Town; and these are divided into Bullies, and Knights of the Elbow: You wou'd, by the words of the first, take him for one of the Men of War, that he had serv'd at least half a score Campaigns, and kill'd his Thousands; or that he was an *Iniskilling-Man*, and had eat half an hundred *Irish Men* for a Breakfast; for every word he speaks, threatens death; and every Oath that comes out of his mouth, gives a Report like a Cannon shot: But he has no more of the Souldier, but his Red or Blew Coat, to cover his Cowardise. This sort of Gentlemen we have already touch'd upon, as well as the other, call'd the Gamester, or Sharper, Knight of the Elbow, &c. and truly, their Elbows wag faster than their Tongues; Seven and Eleven, a Guinea on the Main, and such like, being the top of their Knowledge, except that sly sort of Rhetorick, by which they draw the Ignorant into their Snare, and set them a Gaming; tho' that chiefly consists in preparing Incidents, not in Discourse, but in having a Box and Dice by chance found in the Room, or

a Pack of Cards; and so one or two of the same Kidney, understanding the *Que*, push on the humour of Gaming, 'till the Widgeon is Caught, and his Pocket empty, and Credit thrown away too. And having done with these Sparks, now let us proceed to the City.

Soc. Gad, and I hope you'll find something there worth your thoughts, since you can't relish the Gaity of the *Beaux Esprits* of *Covent-Garden*, the *Court*, nor the *Inns of Court*. I fancy, Gentlemen, you so much Simpathize with their Gravity, that you'll discover by your Choice, the Incompetency of your Judgment in what you seem with the Air of so much Authority to decide.

Penf. Indeed, Mr. *Sociable*, if I may speak what I think, though, I confess, there are very few worth ones Acquaintance, that is, for the sake of their Conversation; yet I am of Opinion, that the number of them far exceeds this end of the Town.— Give me leave to explain my self:— There the Members of the Royal-Society meet, and there many of them make their frequent Abode; yet I had
rather

rather by much, have the Converse of their Works in my Study, than that of their Persons, at the expence of my Content, in living in this Town.

Jov. And as for the rest, *Sociable*, I will agree with you, they fall far short of this end of the Town ; their Wits (tho one wou'd think it scarce possible) more abundantly dull than yours, their Authors more intollerable, and their general Conversation more senseless.

Penf. To begin with the Usurers, through whose hands the Money, the Life-blood of the City, passes.

Jov. Tho' I think they need not be reckon'd among the Conversible part of the City ; a Pint of Ale all alone, or upon an extraordinary Bargain ; half a Pint of Sack betwixt two, is the extent of their Expences, and Company, unless it be upon the Loan of Money, when they are Treated by the wretched Borrower ; and then *Mortgages*, and *Cent. per Cent.* take up all their Discourses ; with Scruples about Securities, hazards of Mortgages, Arguments for the reasonableness of Extortion, and a Declamation against the
Act

Act for Six in the Hundred, and against the Extravagance of the Age, tho' they live by it; and in their real Sentiments, they wou'd rather have a Bill of Sale of the whole World made over to the Devil, than want five *per Cent.* of what they can any way screw out of the Necessitous.

Penf. Then for the Merchant, who Flourishes according as the Wind blows; all his Discourse is upon the rising or falling of the Markets, Complaints of the increasing Customs, Shipwrecks, and a thousand more formidable things.

Jov. If he have serv'd any of his time beyond Sea, you shall have nothing (if you once put him upon it) but the Politicks and Amours of the Place he liv'd in; how Cuckoldom thrives in e'ry City, in spite of all the Guards of Jealousie, with some Badge or other of a Ladies Favour, which he wears in memory of the Lucky Adventure; tho' perhaps it was but with a poor believing *Indian*, or Courtezan of *Italy*.

Then for the rest of the Citts, they are too much employ'd in getting,
and

and supplanting their Neighbours, to pretend to any thing of Conversation.

*Whilst up and down their several ways
they run;
Some to undoe, and some to be undone.*

As Sir John Denham has it in his *Cooper's Bill*; one is Complaining of the badness of Trade, the hardness of the Merchant, and the ill Payment of their Customers: Another of profound Politicks, and necessary Regulations of the Government; with Comments on the last Gazette, or Encomiums on the *Observator*; and such wise Disquisitions. The *Common-Council-Man* is a Man of Authority, a Member of the *City-Legislation*; his Discourse is still upon the Liberties of the City, the Properties of the Citizens, or the Effects of some fine Speech of his, at the last Choice of Sheriff, Lord Mayor, or Chamberlain, or what other Occasion. The Alderman is a Peep higher, and a Magistrate of Jurisdiction, and, with his Deputies, makes no inconsiderable Figure in the World; but for Conversation you must expect none but the Portions,
and

and Jointures of his Daughters, the progress of his Trading, and how like *Wittington*, he came from a pair of old Shooes, to be of so August a Post in the *Metropolis* of *England*. As for the Masters of Halls, and their Dependants, they are much of the same dimensions in their parts, and are busi'd so much with the Interests and Advantages of their several Companies, that you must expect nothing else from them, unless, whose Daughter Danced with the most graceful motion, at the last Feast. As for Livery Men, Prentices, &c. they are undergraduates, or Seeds of these I have nam'd, and therefore dull as Heart can wish; and may in time be all Aldermen, if they break not their Necks, or Credit before they come to't, the hopes of it making them not a little happy.

And thus much for your Coverfations, *Sociable*, of the Town; which after this, I hope you'll be no more fond of, than a Plodding Citt is of good Poetry, a Lawyer of a Cause in *Forma Pauperis*, an Atheist of Death, or a Man of Honour of a Rascal. We'll therefore now consider your Diversifements.

Soc. Hold there, *Jovial*, I must have my turn too, I have sat here with more patience to hear you out, than a Zealous Sister to hear the long Prayer of a Famous Holder Forth, or a young Girl in the Teens, to hear a Smutty Novel, or Play.

Jov. Or, rather than a young Spendthrift, the wholesome Advice of his Father, or Guardian——therefore, Sir, proceed.

Soc. Well, then to take a view of your Country happiness, to let alone Quality, the Esquire is the God of his Tenants indeed, at a *Christmas* Feast, or at a Country Alehouse, when he's among them, but the very humble Servant of a *Londoner*, tho' of ne'er so Mechanick a Profession; he understands the Price of Barley as well as a Farmer, or his own Lady-Wife; is better Skill'd in the Terms of Hunting and Hawking than his Huntsman, or Falk'ner; in the Diet and Medicines of Horses, than a City Farrier; but you may as well expect Modish Dressing from him, as Witty Discourse.

Pensf. Flashy Discourse indeed he's a Stranger to, and so desires to be, he's for Solid Enquiries, as we have made out already.

Soc.

Soc. Pray no interruptions, sweet Sir, but give me the liberty you took——Then for the Gentleman of middle Estate; he thinks himself no less than Duke *Stephano*, Vice-Roy of the Island under Duke *Trincalo*, and will outrun his Paternal Estate meerly to Eat and Drink with Lords, Knights, and Squires, and Pay as much as any, tho' he be set but at the end of the Table, and have the bones to pick, and the bottom of the bottle for his Liquor; these are his Mistresses, his Wife, and Children, for none else does he regard. Then you have your Broken Gentleman, or Country Spungger, and he is worse than a Broken Shop keeper, tho' he live something more at large; one that wants Wit to live in the Town; he makes every Gentleman's House his home, 'till he's abus'd by the Servants, because he cannot give them Money; the abuse is permitted by the Master to get rid of him, and so he leads a wretched life.—

Jov. 'Till he takes to the War, *Sociable*, and then he's a Heroe, and a Wit here in *London*.

Soc. Your Pardon for that, *Jovial*, for he seldom rises above a Corporal,

er Quarter-master, if he do to that ; being us'd to be kept under, his thoughts are not aspiring. Then for the *Farmer*, he understands nothing betwixt Heaven and Earth ; but his Crop, his Cattle, and his Landlord ; as for all above the Sky, as well as below the Earth, he's their most humble. I hope you'll not contend for the happiness of his Company ? Then for your Country Trader, he's the Broker of the City, and takes off all the Damag'd Goods, the old Tawdry Ribbons, and Silks, &c. which go off at a good Price, to make the Country Gentlewoman Fine and Gaudy, that so she may make a notable Figure, and a taring show the next *Sunday* in the Village-Church, and out-shine the Parson's Wife. I hope you are not over Ambitious of being Conversant with the Parts and Discourse of this Rank, unless, when you're oblig'd with your Ladies to go buye some New Cloaths, Ribbons, &c. — The Ploughman can only tell you what's a Clock by the Sun about Noon, without the help of a Sun-dial, and you wou'd take him to be of a Piece with the Cattle he drives, if he did not
by

by his Speech convince you, that he understood you when you ask the Road of him, by an awkward direction, to send you two or three miles out of your way ; and this is an Animal even below your diversion, one wou'd imagine.

But I have forgot the Vicar and Curate, the Attorney, and Justice ; the Vicar is a Spiritual Esquire, and has his Dependances as well as the Temporal ; half a dozen poor tatter'd Curates I mean, who in Rags Preach and Pray for a Sallary of Twenty Pound *per Annum*, whilst the Doctor has four or five good Benefices ; furbishes up his balmy Bedfellow, and Preaches as seldom as a Bishop makes a Visitation. And here, I confess, you generally meet with good Entertainment, the Effects of Effeminate Luxury, and perhaps with a Pleasant Drolling Companion in the Man of God ; but the poor Curate is fain to Spunge upon the Wealthier Sinners of his Parish, to eke out his Pennurious Allowance ; is the Humble Servant of ev'ry one that Treats him with a Noggin of cool Nants ; and if he declaims in a wretched manner against

Sin on *Sunday*, in the Pulpit, he makes the People amends for it all the Week, by giving them a *Salvo* of Fellow feeling in their Frailties.

A, for your Country Attorney, he's no less than my Lord Chancellor on a Market-day in a Country Town, where at the best Inn he takes up his standing, whilst all the under Villages and Towns-men come to him for Redress; which he does to a T. for he never is an Arbitrator, but he improves the Cause into a Suit of Law, setting all Parties together by the ears, to make up his own Market: And when by Litigious Suits of his own creating, he has from an ignorant Justice Clerk scrap'd together an Estate of Five, or Seven Hundred a year, he grafts his unworthy Progeny (for whom he sends himself to the Devil) into some Right Worshipful Family.

In short, your Country Justice is the most formidable Man of his County, and Worship appears in his Meen, and is given him by all the Country People: His very Clerk assumes the Authority of Deciding the lesser Debates, 'till he arrives to the qualification

ration of an Attorney, and write himself Gentleman.

Jov. But the Country Justice, *Sociable*, goes not halves with his Clerks, as some of your *London* Justices do.

Soc. No, gad, they are not so provident——and now upon this view I cannot see what advantage you have over us as to Conversation.

Jov. As you have represented it, indeed not much, except the innocence of it, which you have not been able to touch; but you have given things a far other face than they have, every one in the Country moves in his proper Sphere; the Yeomandry trudge on honestly in their several Vocations, without assuming the regulation of things above their Capacity, as yours do in Town; the Gentry pass their time in taking care of their Families, in innocent Divertisements, in Study and Conversation, agreeable to their several inclinations; without hurry and noise, or intrusions of such as they care not for; they have Pleasure and Profit in all their Actions, and Health and Estate to their Old Age; whereas you have none of these in your Town-life. For, let us

consider your Divertisements, and we shall find them full of expence, both of Time and Money as well as Health, and joyn'd inseparably to a hundred inconveniencies.

Jov. Why, what think you of *Hide-Park*, *St. James's-Park*, *Islington-wells*, the Walks of *Grays-Inn*, and *Lincolns Inn*, the *Masks*, *Balls*, &c. what can be more delightful than such a view of Glorious Beauties, Earthly Goddesses: If your Woods, Groves and Fields be fine, are not ours more Excellent, bless'd with the presence of so many Nymphs, and Deities.

Jov. Those Pleasures consist in an empty and tormenting sight at best, and only disturb ones quiet with wandring desires after one pretty Lady or other. As for the advantage of *Hide-Park*, it has none but what it borrows from the Country, which shews the Excellence of the Country, that your boasted City must be left, when you seek for open Pleasures, and free breathing; for *St. James's-Park*, and those other Places, 'tis such a Medly of Quality, and Whores, that 'tis hard to distinguish betwixt them; so that you may meet with an Age of Pain, for your
Minutes

Minute's Pleasure. *Islington-Wells* are but a Three-penny Bawdy-house, or the Rendezvous of Assignment for the City-Wives and Mistresses. Masquerades are seldom frequented by any Lady of Vertue; so that it is but Hurry and Noise, where the Town-Jilts come *Incognito*, to pick up Cullies.

Soc. What think you of the Play-house, the Coffee-houses, and Taverns?

Penf. What wou'd you go to the Play for? To see a Whore that has Lain with all the Beaux of the Pit; nay, perhaps with ev'ry Player on the Stage, act a Virgin, or a Vertuous Wife?

Jov. Or to be dun'd all round with the impertinent Discourse of Beardless Fops to the Orange-Wenches, with Commodes an Ell high; and to the Vizor-Masks of the Rake-Hells, talking loud to one another; or the perpetual Chat of the Noisy Coquets, that come there to get Cullies, and to disturb, not mind the Play. Or what Effect has all the Plays upon you? Are not your Fops in the Pit and Boxes incorrigible to all the Endeavours of your Writers, in their Prologues and Epilogues, or the variety of Characters

that have been made to reform them ? Tho' a Play be a generous Diversion, yet 'tis better to read than see, unless one could see it without these Inconveniencies. Then for your Coffee-houses, to begin with those of the *Wits*, the two Brothers ; thither the Jury of Wit retire from the Play, over a Dish of Politick and Poetick Tea or Coffee, Painters, Fiddlers, Poets, Minor Authors, Beaux, and the rest of the illiterate Blockheads, promiscuously dissect the poor Play, to be sure to the Author's disadvantage ; how good soever, or whatever Success it met with. This, indeed, is the Scene of the Wits, where a pert young Fop, fresh come from the University, with his Head fuller of Notions and Authors Names, than Sense, from seven Years poring over his Books, shall pass for a profound Scholar : The height of his Reading has been the Indexes of those Authors he talks of ; a good Assurance and Pedantry establishes his Reputation ; and he must be a Wit, if he can but prattle a little of *Aristarchus* and *Homer*, &c. in general Terms praising their Style, Descriptions and Designs ; to those that understand not one Word of them. Another, that under-

understands not so much English as to write a *Billet-doux*, shall, with the help of reading Mr. Rimer's Criticisms on the Plays of the last Age, the Translation of *Rapine* upon the Art of Poetry, and Mr. Creeches of *Theocritus*, and the Art of Writing Pastorals by the same *Rapine*, the *Abbé Hédelin*, Mr. Dryden's Essays of Drammatick Poetics, or some of his Prefaces, and some or one of these Authors, with a great deal of Confidence, give you Critical Observations on the Greek Poets; when all the Knowledge they have of them, is from the Labours of those I have mention'd, or else from some old, nonsensical Translations they have met with, which have serv'd a Patriarch's Age to the Library of *Moore-fields*, till discarded thence for the value of one single Penny.

Soc. I must confess, I ought not to have mention'd the Coffee-house, since you had declar'd your Prejudice against those that made up the Pleasure of them.

You. Then, as for your other Coffee-houses, they are but a perpetual Hurry of News, Business, Politicks, Plots, Conspiracies and Battles, Meddles and Confusion of Sounds and Discourses.

Pens.

Penf. And for the Taverns, we have said enough of them; and all that I shall add, is, that they are the Nurseries of Profaneness and Treason.

Jov. The great Ones are the Rendezvous of the Rake-hells, and Beaux, and Sharpers, in their lewdest Sallies; the Lesser serve only for a private and ready Retreat with a little Punk, to sin cheaply, and do Penance with bad Wine for an ill-favour'd Sin.

Soc. What think you of Intrigue, *Jovial*? You have been as good at it, in your Time, as any of us; that is, a Pleasure worthy a Man, agreeable to his Nature, Love and Enjoyment.

Penf. Love, Sir, is so great a Folly, that I hope you'll not make it a fit Pleasure for a Man of Sense: 'Tis the most ridiculous of Passions, and fills the World with so numerous a Train of Fooleries, that I think every one that sees it shou'd turn a *Democritus*, and burst his Sides with Laughter. I have known a Gentleman, whose Age required Gravity, affect all the Gayety of a Cavalier of Twenty; nay, and exceed him too; and make Love to ev'ry Face he saw. These might be Diversion to the Lookers on, but I can't imagine it can be so to the Actors.

Jov:

Jov. No, no, Cousin; we'll not exclude Love, it being one of the chiefest Blessings of our Life: But that Love is not in the Embraces of Harlots, but the Caresses of a vertuous Wife. The Punk shall, after a little time, bestow those Favours on another for Inclination, which she forces her self to give you for Interest. And such is the End of Intriguing, the Pursuit of one that is known to be a Whore, or who they think will easily be so, (besides the Disappointments, the Hazards, the Diseases, and the hundred other Inconveniences that follow,) wou'd make any Man of Sense abhor it. If you go to Mrs. Br——n's, your Money can purchase you, 'tis true, a pretty and charming Creature; but Money shall carry her to a Hundred more, and has to a Thousand before, perhaps. But if you are for managing your Intrigue your self, without the Assistance of a Bawd, how many Hours, Days, and Nights; how many Pounds will it cost you, in Chase of some Jilt, perhaps; whom, when you obtain, shall, in a few Days, grow stale to, or weary of you? You pursue Noise and Nonsense, a painted Face, and a fine Mant; and
meet

meet with a Fool, a Jilt, or the Pox. And so much for Intrigue ; which, let them pursue that like it.

Soc. But what think you of Dancing, Fencing, and Tennis ? They are innocent and Manly Divertisements.

Jov. But, not confin'd to the Town, you may have them in the Country ; and with them Hunting, Hawking, Courting, Shooting, Racing, Fishing, and a Hundred more ; which you cannot imagine, who have not experient'd them. The Country is the Seat of Pleasure, Health and Happiness.

Penf. A Country, retir'd Life was thought the best by Heaven, when it created Man and Woman in it ; Happiness and Conversation consisting not in Community and Towns : And so they liv'd, till the Villany of Humane Race increas'd with its Number ; then Towns were but the Effect of their rapacious Desires, which oblig'd 'em, for Security, to unite into Bodies Politick, for Self-preservation ; which we being assur'd of under a Free Government, may retire, and make as near an Approach as possible, to our Primitive State of Innocence and Happiness.

Soc. Well, Gentlemen, I'll consider of what you have said ; for you have given me an *Idea* of a Country-Life, far more excellent than I formerly had ; and, since Pleasure is the Object of my Endeavours, I may chance, as soon as I have gain'd my little *Sylvia*, to try, at least, what Experience may do ; and with this Satisfaction, that the Pleasures it brings will be new, and therefore more satisfactory.

Jov. And when we have once got you, Mr. *Sociable*, into our Societies, I warrant we keep you, beyond the power of this Senseless Town to out-rival us.

The End of the First Dialogue.

THE

THE
Second Dialogue,
BETWEEN

Madam *Townlove*, and Madam
Thinkwell.

SCENE,

Madam Thinkwell's Chamber.

Town. **A**H my dear *Thinkwell*! How
hast thou done this Age,
since I saw thee?

Think. As well as the foggy, smoaky
Air of this filthy Town, and the per-
petual Hurry of the Streets would per-
mit.

Town. Why, *my Dear*, thou art con-
tinually poring over a Book, like a Boy
that must Con his Lesson perfectly, for
fear of the furious, unrelenting Pedant,
his Master.

Think.

Think. 'Tis the only Relief I have from the Noisy Impertinences which every Day brings with it.

Town. As I live, *my Life, my Dear*, thou shalt cast off this unpleasant Seriousity, and with me to the *Mall*, all the *Beaumont* will be there to Night: How charming an Evening is here! It looks like a modest young Lover, serene and blushing; it bears a settled Brightness, without the least Cloud of Design. Therefore you shall along with me, *my Dear*.

Think. Pr'ythee, *Madam Townlove*, divert not my sedater Thoughts from the Contemplation of Wit and Reason, to such a Congregation of fluttering Fops of Honour, Clumsy Bullies, Taudry Citts, Noisy Coquets, and the rest of the numberless Throng of my own Sex, the heighth of whose Follies are more tiresom to me, than one of our Modern Farces, or an Address from a *Bean* of *Covent-Garden*.

Town. Indeed thou art too Shagrin, *my Love*: For, what can be more delightful, than a View of all the most celebrated Beaux and Wits in Town; of so many fine, well-bred Gentlemen; and so many Beauties of our own Sex,
set

set off to their greatest Advantage, in the pleasantest Promenade in the World.

Think. With a Cloud of Dust, that rises up above the very Trees, and excludes all the Sweetness of the Air — And then, what Pleasure can it be, to see a Throng of Fools, of both Sexes, walking up and down to shew their new Cloaths, like Children on a Holiday? To see the Women Casting about their affected Glances on every proper Man that passes 'em? To observe the Thousand Forms they put themselves into, to appear the more agreeable, and to gain the Reputation of a languishing Look, or a taking Air? To see the lewd Prostitutes of the Town walk Cheek-by-Jole with the Ladies of Honour? A City-Shop-Keeper's Journey-man, in a gay, Golden Waste-coat, walk *Bare-headed*, in the Rain or Wind, to the Ramp, his Master's Daughter, in imitation of *Quality*; and talk loud to her, as if he were a *Wit*, and excellent at the Art of Rallying; tho the Adventures of a stolen merry Bout, at a Cake-house in the Fields, with her, be the whole Subject of his Discourse? To see some of the receiv'd Wits of our
own

own Sex trace the *Mall* with such a boiting, hobling Gate, as if they meant to juggle all they met, or were walking for a Wager; and this to be valu'd for a careless *Mien*?

Town. Indeed, *my Dear*, thou art too severe——. The Ladies you mean are the most celebrated for a graceful Motion, of any the Town affords.

Think. It may be so: I value not the Opinion of the *Million*, whose Thoughtless Fancies set up whom they please for Wits, and Well-bred Ladies.—— Who can take pleasure to see a young Lord, drown'd in Peruke and Crevat-string, and just return'd from Travel, with the addition of Pop to the Fool he carry'd with him from home, make his open Address to some Superannuated Lady, with her Face dawb'd, at least half an Inch thick, with Paint, false Locks, and a gaudy Mantle; or to a known silt, in a Strait-body'd Gown, like a Maid of Honour, set off with borrow'd Modesty; whilst the *Rest* affect as much her natural and necessary Impudence? To see a grave old Matron walk with a Beardless, smooth-fac'd Boy, with all the Endearing Behaviour of a Designing Harlot? To see, in fine, a ruddy-

dy-fac'd, plump Divine, in his *Silken Robes*, cast the *Deux-yeux* on a young, pert, blooming Girl, as she passes ; and watch her closer, till the Dusk of the Evening, than his good Lord Bishop's Levy, upon a vacant Benefice in his Gift, tho he have two or three before ; and then endeavour to prove the Lawfulness of Fornication to her, from a Verse of *Leviticus*, or a Mystery of the *Revelations*.

Town. Come, come, *Thinkwell* ; you have had your gayer Days ; you relish'd these Delights of Youth, as well as I do now.

Think. The Experience of those Days has made me nauseate all the Follies you Fancy now, for want of Judgment. How can it please thee to view the Diseases of the Mind, when thou wou'dst turn away thy Head from the sight of a sore Finger, or scab'd Nose ; tho far less offensive in its Nature ? Canst thee with pleasure see my rich Lady *Bounce* receive the publick Ceremony of Complement and Address from Young Mr. *Shape*, and confess her apparent Belief of all the Praises he gives her Beauty, tho she Squint, has a Hump-Back, Bandy-Legs, a Hawk-Nose, a wide Mouth, Rotten

Rotten Teeth, and a Face full of Pock-holes, of the Colour of her Livery, *Orange-Tawny*? Or to hear her Satyrically find fault with this Lady for being Crooked, that for her Homely Face, and t'other for some other Defect which is notorious in her self? Canst thee walk behind Madam *Fatty*, and with pleasure hear her find fault with all the Shapes she passes, tho she her self be as thick as long, and wou'd make one think she design'd to bring in the Fashion of the Farthingale again? Or canst thee, with patience, see that Lord's Daughter toss back her Head on her Shoulders, and laugh so loud, that the half of the *Mall* shall stop, and turn about, to gaze on her? Or this single Lady Courts'ing to ev'ry Fop she meets, as if she wou'd court the Reputation of a common Whore? But it wou'd be endless to run over all the Impertinencies, and intolerable Follies, the *Mall* ev'ry Night presents to our view: There's scarce a Person comes there, but contributes his or her Share towards the making up their Number infinite. I'm resolv'd I won't give my self so very unpleasant a Penance, without any other Reason than bare Complaisance

plaisance to your Desire, since there are enough to be found that will be pleas'd to pass their idle Hours with you, where e'er you'll go. If you want a Foil, as, indeed, 'tis generally the Care of you young Ones, now-a-days, to get one that's Ugly, or Old, to set your Faces off to the better advantage, there's my Lady *Roubloue* will fit you to a Hair; who delights in Love, tho she be an Antidote; and will rather do a good Turn for another, than not have a hand in an Intrigue; who loves all the Resorts of Company, and revels in the Delight of perpetual Chat, and is continually at the Park, Plays, or Masks.

Town. Nay, pr'ythee, *my Dear*, don't be so morose: I profess, I meant no such thing, only the Enjoyment of thy dear Company; for if I had, I shou'd have been mightily deceiv'd, and have prov'd the Foil my self; for you can't think your self ugly or old, I'm sure, since you are not much past Thirty, and have all the taking Charms you had ever since I knew you, and which brought you so many Adversers. Therefore, *my Dear*, you must go with me to the *Mall*.

Think, I design'd not to bespeak your Praises, sweet Lady, but only excuse my

myself from what I can't abide, Noise, and Nonsense, the Crop which that place affords in abundance.

Town. If the *Mall* be your Aversion, my Dear, we'll to *Hide Park*; 'tis time enough, if you go immediately; my Mother's Coach is below, and shall carry us, to make a Figure in the Ring.

Think. That has the better Reputation, I grant; but that Diversion suits not my Humour; the formal Bows, the affected Smiles, the silly By-words, and amorous Tweers in passing, makes it up all Grimace and Ceremony. I am impatient when I see this Thoughtless Lord loll back in his Chariot, and now and then smile when his Friend, the *Wit*, whom he has honour'd with his Company, breaks some abominable Jest on these Horses, or that Harness, or that solitary Lady, with her Woman, instead of better Company, leaning in an inviting, languishing Posture, as if she wanted the Opinion of the Ring, that she's in Love, or asleep. Besides, 'tis, methinks, a ridiculous Whim, to ride round a Circle, like Boys and Girls Treading the Figure of Eight in the Fields: You have little Benefit of the Air, unless in your Passage thither; all the

the Wat'ring scarce being able to lay the Dust the Horses and Coaches raise: So that I cannot imagine what the Design is, unless to shew their fine Horses, and new Coaches: But that can't be e'ery Night's Business, and I hate solemn Trifling, to put my self to all that formal Trouble to no Purpose, and for no End; they who have nothing else to employ themselves with, may do as they please; but I am never so over-loaded with Time and Idleness, as to fling it away on nothing.

Town. Why, *my Dear*, is Diversion a Flinging away Time? To be continually employ'd, is to tire both Mind and Body, and to render your self less capable of a Benefit from your serious Hours.

Think. Diversion, I confess, is necessary; but I can never esteem that so, which contributes so much, with its abounding Impertinencies, to my Dissatisfaction. Besides, Diversion ought to be something that is not a mere idle *Interval* of Thought, to forget ones self for a few Hours: It has its End; which is, Recreating the *Mind* and *Body*, either by the fresh Air, in a Coach, in the open Fields, which you have not
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in *Hide-Park*; or a necessary Exercise of the Body, by a gentle Walk, without Noise and Hurry; or a prudent Conversation, tho' that be almost impossible to be purchas'd in this Town, where promiscuous Company meet even in the Ladies Chambers.

Town. Thou art as nice in thy Diversions, *my Dear*, as some Ladies are in their Lovers; and 'tis well you have not the same Fate, to chuse the worst at last. Are you then for the Walks of *Grays-Inn*, or those of *Lincolns-Inn*? There you need fear no Dust, nor yet so much Company.

Think. But that that is there is worse.— Young Clerks, or Gentlemen-Students of the Inn, as Ignorant in Address as Law, and yet plaguing e'ery one they meet with both; more impertinent than Players, when they set up for *Beaux* and *Wits*: Solid Counsellors, with their Heads full of Law-Cases, making their Court in form, and by *Precedent*; as tedious, and as little to the purpose, as their Bills in *Chancery*: Grave Judges, who come to Air their Consciences, or their Spouses, after a good Bribe, or a good Supper, taken in its proper Season; with all

the Train of pretty Misses, who have the several Faces of several of his Richer Clients, before he gain'd the Ermin: *Alsatian* Bullies, that dare not venture so far out of their Province of Security, as the Park, by Land, and have not Stock enough to reach *White-Hall* in a Sculler; who come by the Instinct of Necessity, more than Love, to meet a generous *Holbourn-Wife*, an Attourney's forward Daughter, or a believing Semstress; or a *Fullers-Rents-Widow*, with a Flower'd Petticoat, all be-daub'd with Silver and Gold Fringe and Galume; a Face like the *Saracen's-Head*, dress'd up in a Topping Commode; arms bigger than her Gallant's Legs, which have not yet lost their primitive Colour of the Kitchen. In short, The only Advantage these Places have above the *Park*, is but an Increase of Scandal and Impertinence, without the Face of Quality, to give it a better Reputation.

Town. This Living in the Country, *my Life*, has perverted thy gayer Humour, and made thee so Spleenatic, that thee canst not endure the brisker Delights of the Town, which is full of Variety, which one wou'd think were the

the most agreeable to a Woman. I'm sure, I have a much better Relish of the Parks and Walks, than you profess. *Hide-Park*, methinks, is August, and Great; and there you Ride in State, with the Ladies of the first Quality.—

Think. Much of a Nature, in my Mind, of a *Quakers* Silent Meeting.

Town. O fy, fy! Never undervalue your Judgment so, *my Dear*.— Then for *St. James's Park*: The fancy'd Revels of a *Romance*, when all the Heroes and Ladies of the Book meet, is not more pleasant in the *Idea*, than this is in Reality. There the sighing Lover comes, to pay his publick Tribute to her he adores: And then, if one be handsom, what a Pleasure must it be, to carry away the Eyes of all the *Mall*, from the rest of the envying Ladies? To have as many Hats off to one, and the general Respect, as if the Queen pass'd along; with the additional Satisfaction, to hear this handsom Man swear, she's handsom; that Wit vow, she's the most delicious Creature he e'er beheld; this Lord swear, that she merits an Empire for her Beauty? To see every one that has ever been in her Company

so proud of her Acquaintance, as to make publick Acknowledgments of it by a Bow, as often as she passes? A Woman that is singular for any Perfection in Dress, Mien, or Person, can't fail of Pleasure and Reputation.

Think. Reputation indeed! But such a one, poor Lady, that ought to be avoided, with all the Caution in the World; and I am sorry to find you so pleas'd with that which must prove your Ruin, if you persevere in the Humour. But thee art yet young, and hast Beauty enough, without the help of Art, to merit a better Fate than to be a Prostitute to ev'ry Pretender; for so the World will judge of such as make Advances to all they meet; and one had better merit it for our Worldly Happiness, than have it. Thou hast too yet, I hope, a Rest of Reputation, not to fright away a serious and honourable Pretender. Leave therefore this lewd Town, where no young Woman that is pretty, is safe, either from the Tongues, or Attempts of the Men.

Town. What, my Dear! Wou'd you have me live perpetually in the Country, mew'd up in my House, like a Bird
in

in a Cage ; consulting my Receipt-Book, and making Medicines for the Scald-Heads, and Broken Shins of my Husband's Tenants ? Or, at most, to make Conserves of Red Roses, for my decaying, Consumptive Husband ; Marmalade, and other Sweet-Meats, to entertain the Farmers or Parsons Wives ? Or two or three times a Year, perhaps, the distant Justice of Peace, his formal Spouse, and Daughters, that are in their Bibs and Aprons in the Teens ? Or, after a Feast, to withdraw as soon as Grace is said, with the Country Gentlewomen, to discourse of the best Plaister for a green Wound ; whilst the Men are up to the Ears in clumsy Obscenity, and Strong Beer, or nasty Claret ? Then, when one goes out, ones solitary Garden, or the adjoining Park, or Field, is the Extent of ones melancholy Walk ; an impertinent visit, the Extent of ones Pleasure ; and ones Husband's Relations, or Parson's Company, the Extent of ones Conversation. As I live, *my Dear*, I shou'd grow the veriest Mope in the World, if I shou'd forsake this Town I shou'd be always thinking.—

Think. You are in a pleasant Dream at the best, and fear Waking: But since I find this Sleep, however delightful, will turn to a Lethargy, I am bound, in Love to thee, to wake thee. Is it therefore an Unhappiness to be always thinking? Give way but to Thought, and Reason will soon render the Town more nauseous to thee, than thou think'st it now desirable: You see what your great Diversions are already, by what I have said.

Town. Oh, *my Dear!* you have not consider'd half our Diversions here in Town; all our Life long is Diversion and Pleasure? What think you of the Play, of Visits, of Dress, of Gaming, of Love and Intrigue; nay, our very Devotion too is not unpleasant, the Churches affording such a glorious sight of the *Beau Mond*.

Think. For your sake, sweet Lady, I'll consider these several things as you propos'd 'em, tho' I can't tell where the happiness is, to have ones whole day taken up in Trifles, and Night in Sleep, the life of meer Bruits. First then, as for the Play, if you go purely to be diverted with the Entertainment of the Stage (provided it be none of our
sense-

senseless new Farces, which are compos'd
 of nothing but awkward Lewdness, and un-
 natural Characters) if you apprehend
 things aright, 'tis the best Diver-
 sion the Town affords; for the Co-
 medies (I mean the best of them)
 will Instruct you in the follies of your
 Sex, the falseness of the Men, besides
 other necessary Lessons for your Beha-
 viour, and Conversation; and Tragedy
 raise in you a just value of Vertue. But if
 you go into the Box, where often a
 Whore perks it in the face of Quality,
 to entertain an Address from a Fop
 just under you in the Pit; to Courte-
 sie to all the Pit round for half an
 hour after you come in; if you go
 into the Pit in your Vizor, to rally
 this Fool, and 'tother gay Sot, to talk
 so loud in the Play time, that you di-
 sturb half the House; 'tis only to ex-
 pose your self to the talk of the Town,
 and the Censure of e'ry Prating Cox-
 comb; or putting your self in an un-
 necessary danger of having your heart
 misled by a Criminal and Fatal Passion,
 for one that will make no other ad-
 vantage of it, but your Ruine: For
 you can never think an Amour began
 in a Vizor in the Play-house, will ever

end in the Church. But what can be more absurd than the Custom of some young Ladies, who, for a Diversion, mingle with the Whores of a lower Rank in the Gallery, for the sake of Banter, as they pretend; that is, to engage with the impertinent Chat of a City Prentice with a borrow'd Sword, or my Lord's Butler. In short, with the lower Class of Sharpers, Bullies, Cullies, and Serving-Men; drunken Rakes, and dirty *Beau's*, Sportive Players, and Clumsy Victuallers; besides a number of undistinguishable Mob.

Town. I'm glad, my dear, that you approve of Plays, which you have not in the Country.

Think. Tho' we have 'em not Acted, we may read them without the temptations of the Pit, which is better; and then we cull 'em, and trouble not our selves with such as are not worth reading.—Next for your Visits.—

Town. Ay, my Dear, I hope you will allow us some Pleasures here in Town; what therefore do you think of our Visits?

Think. They are seldom well cull'd, those from the Men impudent and assuming,

assuming, from the Women impertinent. And you must sit by the hour to hear this Lady with an affected noise rally all the absent she or you know; fancying her self to have abundance of wit, because she talks much, and ill of e'ry body; or to hear another praise all the Sparks she saw last night in the *Mall*, or Drawing-Room, and describe all the Manto's and Petticoats that were there (tho' there are few guilty of that good natur'd folly of speaking well of e'ry one) to hear this Old Lady that will let nothing be mention'd but the Intrigues of her younger days, or at least the many Adorers she has had, and the several effects of their desperate passions; or what Stratagems the four Husbands she has already Bury'd, us'd to obtain her Ladyships reserv'd affections; not omitting many times those of fifty times the number of Gallants; and tho' she be in her Kingdom, when you talk of Love, yet she'll never permit any mention of any of your Modern Amours into Competition with those of her days; and tho' she can't act them over again, she'll have the Va-

nity to make you see she wants not the desire, tho' she does the power. To hear that Coquet tell you all the News of the Town, who loves who, what Adventure happen'd to such a Lady last night, what Loves are false, and who the fittest to be trusted with a Lady's Favours; fairly intimating, that all the Company she keeps, is only to find out one she may entrust with her heart, and looser wishes; and there she is generally deceiv'd, and quits the Stage as she has acted on it, with noise and affectation, with a loud Report, and rotten Credit, if not Person, and a Crasie Fortune, with a Painted Face to keep up the Opinion that she has been Handsome, though Unfortunate. This Lady for the Reputation of a good humour'd Woman, will be perpetually laughing and talking; *that*, to pass for Virtuous, will be eternally railing at Vice in Company, condemning this or that Lady by name, never reck'ning detraction in the number of Vices, tho' it commit as great a Murther as a stab in the heart, killing the good Name and Reputation, which has no Resurrection. And indeed these Pub-
lick

lick Decoys are compounded of affected Carriage, Confident Discourse, Mighty Pretensions, and Excessive Censoriousness.

Town. But, my Dear, we have Friends, intimate dear Creatures, that unboosome all their Secrets to one.

Think. Ay, and to e'ry one they know, you are not oblig'd to their Confidence in you for that, but their natural weakness, who can let nothing be secret they know, tho' it concern themselves: Besides, by this intimacy, they gain your good Opinion, as Friends in whom you may confide, and so furnish them with talk for the next intimate Friend they come to, that is all their Acquaintance; if you tell 'em any Secret of your own, 'tis so no longer than they are in your Company; soon after they are gone, they whisper it to one, and to another, 'till it rebound to your self again by a third dear Friend, to confirm her interest with you.

Town. As I live, my Dear, that's true, for I told Mrs. *Fondall*, I thought my young Lord *Easy* was in love with me, as a great Secret, and I had it

it in three days time from his own mouth, which put me to the blush, I profess, and made me so ashamed, that I cou'd not go to the *Mall* in a Week.

Think. Then for your Male Visitors. —————

Town. As you love me, my Dear, don't exclude us from Conversing with Mankind, Oh ! 'tis so Natural.

Think. 'Tis too Natural, or at least too Customary ; which some are of Opinion is all one : But besides their Follies and Impertinencies, they bring danger in their Visits ; and one can scarce admit of one Man of a thousand, without exposing ones Name to be the Discourse of all the Companies he keeps ; they generally watch your Eyes, and will give an account of e'ry glance, from innocent Looks drawing what Conclusions they please ; they are living Libels, that make it their business to Observe and Enquire into e'ry little minute Circumstance of ones Behaviour, making a judgment from thence ; and for their diversion in the next Company they come into, tell that for certain, which is only the Child of their Imagination. If on any Occasion one whisper, 'tis certainly Intrigue ;
if

if one look on 'em 'tis Love, and Admiration, and the impatient effect of Desire: If one do not, 'tis still Love, only shame will not let one behold the Object of ones conceal'd Passion, without discovering it. If one is uneasie at the intolerable Nonsense of their Discourse, 'tis still the effect of Love. Others, that have once got an Acquaintance with one, will pursue one to e'ry Place one goes to; the *Park*, the *Mall*, the Visits one makes, the Plays, the Drawing-Room, or wherever it is, shall be sure to find the diligent Fops, and then they'll talk to one whether one will or no; and never look on one but with the most Languishing Dying Eyes; 'till having publish'd their Passion, and shew'd a hundred impudent Familiarities with one in e'ry place; the world suspect ones Reputation, which always improves a suspicion into a conclusive Judgment; and 'tis well if their importunity gain not ones self into the Design against ones self; for she that will (and few but do) give opportunities of address, will not always be able to resist.

Towne.

Town. You will not sure Condemn all Conversation, is Visiting so Criminal?

Think. Yes, as in use now in Town, where 'tis generally, only on design both in Men and Women, though I know some Ladies make their Houses like the *Change* at Noon, or the Drawing-Room at the King's *Levee*, or *Conchee*, full of hurry and Company; like my Lady *Townly* in Sir *Fopling Flutter*, they are such lovers of noisy Conversation, and News. I am of Opinion 'tis better Conversing with the Dead than the Living of that Sex; both because 'tis safer, and affords more Pleasure, because more Wit. And as for your Pleasure of Dressing, I can never imagine it recompences the Pain; for what fretting and fuming is there, if a Point be ill wash'd, Knots and Commode spoyl'd in the making up, besides the daily pittance of sitting three or four hours under your Maids hands, with the supernumerary plague of her nonsensical Chat; and all this merely for the enjoyment of these benefits I have run through, and the remaining one of Love and Intrigue, which

which is the silliest, and most pernicious of all.

Town. Oh, my Dear, never speak against Intrigue, 'tis the pleasantest thing in the World to banter the Men with the thoughts of what a passion we have for them; put them to the expence of Treats, and Bribes to ones Servants, and then make 'em wait a hundred assignations, and disappoint them in all; yet still keep 'em in chase of you as long as you please, and put them off at last, when they have spent so many solicitous Days, and watchful Nights after you.

Think. Ah! thou art as much out in thy Politicks, as a Niggardly Father is, in thinking to restrain the Profuseness of his Spendthrift-Son, by lessning his allowance, as long as there are any of those kind Gentlemen in Town, that have the good nature of *Stinstead* to supply his wants; for Men are not so easily deluded in their pursuits of an Amour, which when you once engage in with them, they soon become Masters, and as soon as obtain'd, slight and scorn you; and like *Dorimant* in *Sir Foplin Flutter*, esteem a Quarrel with

an Old Mistress, next to the coming to a good understanding with a new. Perhaps they give some Publick affront, or ruine a Lady's Reputation for a jest, or the Vain-glory of being thought successful in their Amours. Rather than want a Quarrel, they'll pretend falseness on your side, and lay an imaginary Intrigue to your Charge, that they may seem the more Innocent, and the more plausibly break off. But then the Consequence of this is perhaps a Child, and to be cast off by your Relations, forc'd to prostitute your self for a Living, or Marry some Foot-man, or Souldier, follow the Camp, and dye in an Hospital; at best in an old tatter'd Manto, carrying news about, from one Acquaintance to another, for a Meals-meat, and a Glass of Wine. If there be any thing delightful, 'tis but short, and full of Fatigue, and attended with certain ruine of Fortune and Fame. The Women need not seek their undoing themselves, as they do, for the Men lay Stratagems enough to ruine 'em. The *Indian-Women*, the *Sempstresses*, and others that you buye any thing of, are often employ'd

ploy'd to betray you to the Conversation of those who want but opportunity to perswade you to your Ruine. Bawds are now Company for Ladies of Quality, and by their Garbs and Dependants can't be distinguish'd ; so that there is no Place nor Company secure for a Handsome Woman, single, or marry'd in this Town ; the more Innocent, the more easily betray'd by these Cunning Traders in Intrigue.

Town. You amaze me, my Dear, in your account of things ; and I begin to fear all my Acquaintance.

Think. Nourish that fear, and it will be the Parent of thy happiness.

Town. But you have forgot Gaming.

Think. I wish all my Sex had forgot it too ; not that I disallow an innocent diversion at Cards, as we Play in the Country for small Sums ; but as 'tis us'd here in Town, 'tis only the most certain way of Ruine ; especially when you Play with Men, who will be sure, either to Cheat you into their Debts, beyond the power of Payment, that they may secure your Person to
their

their wills, or else let you get of them, with hopes to oblige you to consider their complaisance another way. Lastly, for the Church, to the Scandal of Religion: Indeed 'tis made a place of assignation, or at best, a Place where the Ladies come to gain Profelytes to their Charms, and divert their Thoughts from Devotion to Heav'n, to themselves. And among their extraordinary Fits of Devotion, they shall have such Amorous Pangs for Heav'n, that one wou'd think they meant to let the Church see how sweet they shou'd look in the Extasies of Love. I wou'd have thee therefore to leave this Town, that is the ruine of Youth, Health, and Fortune of both Sexes, especially of ours; I am for the Country within these three days, and shall be glad of your Company.

Town: I'll consider of what you say, which has had this effect on me already, as to divert me from my Walk in the *Park*, and of farther Conversation with the noisy part of my Acquaintance; and so, my Dear, adieu to thee.

Think,

Think, Adieu, sweet Madam, and remember this, that the Town is but a Medly of Hypocrisie, Nonsense, Design, Ill Nature, and Ruine; without any Substantial Pleasure.

F I N I S.

To the Critical READER.

These are humbly to desire you in the Name of the Author, Booksellers, and Printers, Parties Concern'd in this Book, to take your Pen and Ink, and Correct these following Errours, to save your self a Fit of the Spleen.

PAGE 2. line 5. add to: page 4. l. 21. for Knight, read Jovial. p. 9. l. 15. *dele* Knight. p. 10. l. 23. for Preaching, r. Poaching. p. 12. l. 23. for Solitudes, r. Sollicitudes: p. 15. l. 13. for attribute, r. contribute. p. 21. l. 22. for later, r. late. p. 22. l. 26. *dele* their. p. 31. l. 20. *dele* of: l. 25. for Tom Wraints, r. Tom Urwins. p. 36. l. 3. for Common-Law-Book, r. Common-Place-Book. p. 37. l. 20. for his, r. their. l. 22. for his, r. their. l. *ult.* for were, r. was. p. 38. l. 1. for Rascals, r. Rascal. l. 12. *dele* they, and the Comma. p. 39. l. 25. for presumption, r. perfection. p. 40. l. 5. for Chatting, r. Chattring. p. 47. l. 9. for Entry, r. Entries. p. 49. l. 11. for lewd, r. lewdest. p. 50. l. *ult.* for Man, r. room. p. 57. l. 5. for they meet, r. he meets. p. 58. l. 13. for Beaus, r. Beau. p. 59. l. 16. for Tom Wraintes, r. Tom Urwin's. p. 60. l. 26. for Rake-hellonims, r. Rakelorum. p. 61. l. 13. for they, r. he, for stick, r. sticks. p. 65. l. 26. for this, r. their. l. 14. for that, r. of. p. 70. l. 16. for him, r. their.

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